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BEQUEST OF
REV. CANON SCADDING, D. D.

THE

ACADEMIC SPEAKER;

OR,

A SELECTION

OF

PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES,

ORATIONS, ODES, SCENES, AND SPEECHES,

FROM THE BEST WRITERS,

PROPER TO BE

READ AND RECITED BY YOUTH AT SCHOOL.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

ELEMENTS OF GESTURE;

OR, PLAIN AND EASY

DIRECTIONS FOR

KEEPING THE BODY IN A GRACEFUL POSITION,

AND ACQUIRING

A SIMPLE AND UNAFFECTED STYLE OF ACTION;

Explained and Illustrated by Plates.

5-3001
2/1/02

THE TENTH EDITION.

BY JOHN WALKER,

AUTHOR OF THE CRITCAL PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY,
ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION, &c.

Mihi falli multùm videntur, qui solos esse Atticos credunt tenues, et lucidos, et significantes, sed quâdam eloquentiæ frugalitate contentos, ac manum semper intra pallium continentes. QUINTIL.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL; LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN; J. BOOKER; BALDWIN AND CRADOCK; E. WILLIAMS; HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.; WHITTAKER AND CO.; SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL; SHERWOOD AND CO.; SOUTER; G. WIGHTMAN; AND HOULSTON AND SON.

1830.

C. Baldwin, Printer,
New Bridge-street, London.

Walker, John
Academical speaker

TO THE

REV. DR. THOMSON,

KENSINGTON.

SIR,

If the present Publication has any degree of merit, it is, in a great measure, owing to you. The liberal encouragement you gave me, when I first proposed teaching at your school, induced me to exertions which I should never have made without the assistance of so able a friend. These exertions have produced the present Publication; which, however it may fail in other respects, affords me an opportunity of expressing my obligations, and of congratulating you on the successful xe-

periment you have made of uniting the most extensive study of the Greek and Latin classics with a regular course of reading and speaking English. The success of this system has already been proved by several of your pupils in both Universities; and the encouragement it daily receives from a discerning public is an unequivocal testimony of its merit.

I am, Sir,
With great respect,
Your obliged humble servant,

J. WALKER.

No. 64, Lower Harley Street,
Cavendish Square,
Jan. 1, 1789.

ELEMENTS OF GESTURE.

SECTION I.

On the speaking of Speeches at Schools.

Elocution has, for some years past, been an object of attention in the most respectable schools in the kingdom. A laudable ambition of instructing youth in the pronunciation and delivery of their native language has made English speeches a very conspicuous part of those annual exhibitions of oratory which do them so much credit.

This attention to English pronunciation has induced several ingenious men to compile Exercises in Elocution for the use of schools, which have answered very useful purposes; but none, so far as I have seen, have attempted to give us a regular system of Gesture, suited to the wants and capacities of school-boys. Mr. Burgh, in his Art of Speaking, has given us a system of the Passions; and has shown us how they appear in the countenance, and operate on the body; but this system, however useful to people of riper years, is too delicate and complicated to be taught in schools. Indeed, the exact adaptation of the action to the word, and the word to the action, as Shakspeare calls it, is the most difficult part of delivery, and therefore, to say nothing of distracting their attention with two very difficult things at the same time, can never be taught perfectly to children. But that boys

should stand motionless, while they are pronouncing the most impassioned language, is extremely absurd, and unnatural; and that they should sprawl into an awkward, ungainly, and desultory action, is still more offensive and disgusting. What then remains, but that such a general style of action be adopted as shall be easily conceived, and easily executed; which, though not expressive of any particular passion, shall, at least, not appear to be totally devoid of passion;—which shall always keep the body in a graceful position, and shall so vary in motions, at proper intervals, as to seem the subject operating on the speaker, and not the speaker on the subject?—This, it will be confessed, is a great *desideratum*; and an attempt to do this is the principal object of the present essay.

The difficulty of describing action by words will be allowed by every one; and if we were never to give any instructions but such as should completely answer our wishes, this difficulty would be a good reason for not attempting to give any description of it. But there are many degrees between conveying a precise idea of a thing, and no idea at all. Besides, in this part of delivery, instruction may be conveyed by the eye; and this organ, as Horace observes,* is a much more rapid vehicle of knowledge than the ear. This vehicle is addressed on the present occasion, and plates, representing the attitudes which are described, are annexed to the several descriptions, which, it

* Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator. *Hor. Ars Poetica.*

is not doubted, will greatly facilitate the reader's conception.

The First Plate represents the attitude in which a boy should always place himself when he begins to speak. He should rest the whole weight of his body on the right leg; the other, just touching the ground, at the distance at which it would naturally fall, if lifted up to show that the body does not bear upon it. The knees should be straight, and braced; and the body, though perfectly straight, not perpendicular, but inclining as far to the right as a firm position on the right leg will permit. The right arm must then be held out with the palm open, the fingers straight, and close, the thumb almost as distant from them as it will go; and the flat of the hand neither horizontal nor vertical, but exactly between both. The position of the arm, perhaps, will be best described, by supposing an oblong hollow square, formed by the measure of four arms, as in Plate the First, where the arm, in its true position, forms the diagonal of such an imaginary figure: so that, if lines were drawn at right angles from the shoulder, extending downwards, forwards, and sideways, the arm will form an angle of forty-five degrees every way.

When the pupil has pronounced one sentence in the position thus described, the hand, as if lifeless, must drop down to the side, the very moment the last accented word is pronounced; and the body, without altering the place of the feet, poize itself on the left leg, while the left hand raises itself into exactly the same position as the right was before, and continues

in this position till the end of the next sentence, when it drops down on the side, as if dead; and the body, poizing itself on the right leg as before, continues with the right arm extended, till the end of the succeeding sentence, and so on, from right to left, and from left to right, alternately, till the speech is ended.

Great care must be taken that the pupil end one sentence completely before he begin another. He must let the arm drop to the side, and continue, for a moment, in that posture in which he concluded, before he poizes his body on the other leg, and raises the other arm into the diagonal position before described; both which should be done before he begins to pronounce the next sentence. Care must also be taken, in shifting the body from one leg to the other, that the feet do not alter their distance. In altering the position of the body, the feet will necessarily alter their position a little; but this change must be made by turning the toes in a somewhat different direction, without suffering them to shift their ground. The heels, in this transition, change their place, but not the toes. The toes may be considered as pivots, on which the body turns from side to side.

If the pupil's knees are not well formed, or incline inwards, he must be taught to keep his legs at as great a distance as possible, and to incline his body so much to that side, on which the arm is extended, as to oblige him to rest the opposite leg upon the toe; and this will, in a great measure, hide the defect of his make. In the same manner, if the arm be too long, or the elbow incline inwards, it will be proper to make

him turn the palm of his hand downwards, so as to make it perfectly horizontal. This will infallibly incline the elbow outwards, and prevent the worst position the arm can possibly fall into, which is that of inclining the elbow to the body. This position of the hand so necessarily keeps the elbow out, that it would not be improper to make the pupil sometimes practise it, though he may have no defect in his make; as an occasional alteration of the former position to this may often be necessary, both for the sake of justness and variety. These two last positions of the legs and arms are described in Plate Second.

When the pupil has got the habit of holding his hand and arm properly, he may be taught to move it. In this motion, he must be careful to keep the arm from the body. He must neither draw the elbow backwards, nor suffer it to approach to the side; but, while the hand and lower joint of the arm are curving towards the shoulder, the whole arm, with the elbow forming nearly an angle of a square, should move upwards from the shoulder, in the same position as when, gracefully, taking off the hat; that is, with the elbow extended from the side, and the upper joint of the arm nearly on a line with the shoulder, and forming an angle of a square with the body (See Plate III.): this motion of the arm will naturally bring the hand, with the palm downwards, into a horizontal position; and when it approaches to the head, the arm should, with a jerk, be suddenly straightened into its first position, at the very moment the emphatical word is pronounced. This coincidence of the hand and voice

will greatly enforce the pronunciation; and, if they keep time, they will be in tune as it were to each other, and to force and energy add harmony and variety.

As this motion of the arm is somewhat complicated, and may be found difficult to execute, it would be advisable to let the pupil, at first, speak without any motion of the arm at all. After some time, he will naturally fall into a small curvature of the elbow, to beat time, as it were, to the emphatic word; and if, in doing this, he is constantly urged to raise the elbow, and to keep it at a distance from the body, the action of the arm will, naturally, grow up into that we have just described. So the diagonal position of the arm, though the most graceful and easy when the body is at rest, may be too difficult for boys to fall into at first; and therefore it may be necessary, in order to avoid the worst extreme, for some time, to make them extend the arm as far from the body as they can, in a somewhat similar direction, but higher from the ground, and inclining more to the back. Great care must be taken to keep the hand open, and the thumb at some distance from the fingers; and particular attention must be paid to keeping the hand in an exact line with the lower part of the arm, so as not to bend at the wrist, either when it is held out, without motion, or when it gives the emphatic stroke. And, above all, the body must be kept in a straight line with the leg on which it bears, and not suffered to bend to the opposite side.

At first, it may not be improper for the teacher,

after placing the pupil in the position, Plate I., to stand at some distance exactly opposite to him in the same position, the right and left sides only reversed; and, while the pupil is speaking, to show him, by example, the action he is to make use of. In this case, the teacher's left hand will correspond to the pupil's right, by which means he will see, as in a looking-glass, how to regulate his gesture, and will soon catch the method of doing it by himself.

It is expected the master will be a little discouraged at the awkward figure his pupil makes in his first attempts to teach him. But this is no more than what happens in dancing, fencing, or any other exercise which depends on habit. By practice, the pupil will soon begin to feel his position, and be easy in it. Those positions, which were at first distressing to him, he will fall into naturally; and if they are such as are really graceful and becoming, (and such, it is presumed, are those which have been just described,) they will be adopted with more facility than any other that can be taught him.

SECTION II.

On the acting of Plays at Schools.

Though the acting of plays at schools has been universally supposed a very useful practice, it has of late years been much laid aside. The advantages arising from it have not been judged equal to the inconveniences; and the speaking of single speeches, or the acting of single scenes, has been generally sub-

stituted in its stead. Indeed, when we consider the leading principle and prevailing sentiments of most plays, we shall not wonder that they are not always thought to be the most suitable employment for youth at school; nor, when we reflect on the long interruption to the common school exercises, which the preparation for a play must necessarily occasion, shall we think it consistent with general improvement. But, to wave every objection from prudence or morality, it may be confidently affirmed, that the acting of a play is not so conducive to improvement in elocution, as the speaking of single speeches.

In the first place, the acting of plays is, of all kinds of delivery, the most difficult, and therefore cannot be the most suitable exercise for boys at school. In the next place, a dramatic performance requires so much attention to the deportment of the body, so varied an expression of the passions, and so strict an adherence to character, that elocution is in danger of being neglected: besides, exact propriety of action, and a nice discrimination of the passions, however essential on the stage, are but of secondary importance in a school. It is a plain, open, distinct, and forcible pronunciation, which school-boys should aim at; and not that quick transition from one passion to another, that archness of look, and that *jeu de theatre*, as it is called, so essential to a tolerable dramatic exhibition, and which actors themselves can scarcely arrive at. In short, it is speaking rather than acting which school-boys should be taught; while the performance of plays is calculated to teach them acting rather than speaking.

But there is a contrary extreme into which many teachers are apt to run, and chiefly those who are incapable of speaking themselves; and that is, to condemn every thing which is vehement and forcible, as *theatrical*. It is an old trick to depreciate what we cannot attain; and calling a spirited pronunciation *theatrical*, is but an artful method of hiding our own inability of speaking with force and energy. But though school-boys ought not to be taught those nice touches which form the greatest difficulties in the profession of an actor, they should not be too much restrained from an exertion of voice, so necessary to strengthening the organs of sound, because they may sometimes be too loud and vociferous. Perhaps nine out of ten, instead of too much confidence, and too violent a manner of speaking, which these teachers seem so much to dread, have, as Dr. Johnson calls it, a frigid equality, a stupid languor, and a torpid apathy. These must be roused by something strong and excessive, or they will never rise even to mediocrity; while the few who have a tendency to rant are very easily reclaimed, and ought to be treated in pronunciation and action as Quintilian advises us to do in composition; that is, we should rather allow of an exuberance, than, by too much correctness, check the vigour and luxuriancy of nature.

Though school-boys, therefore, ought not to be taught the finenesses of acting, they should as much as possible be accustomed to speak such Speeches as require a full, open, animated pronunciation; for which purpose they should be confined chiefly to

Orations, Odes, and such single Speeches of plays as are in the declamatory and vehement style. But as there are many scenes of plays, which are justly reckoned among the finest compositions in the language, some of these may be adopted among the upper class of boys, and those more particularly who have the best deportment; for action in scenes will be found much more difficult than in single speeches. And here it will be necessary to give some additional instructions respecting action; as a speaker who delivers himself singly to an auditory, and one who addresses another speaker in view of an auditory, are under very different predicaments: the first has only one object to address, the last has two: for, if a speaker on the stage were to address the person he speaks to, without any regard to the point of view in which he stands with respect to the audience, he would be apt to turn his back on them, and to place himself in such positions as would be highly ungraceful and disgusting. When a scene, therefore, is represented, it is necessary that the two personages who speak should form a sort of picture, and place themselves in a position agreeable to the laws of perspective. In order to do this, it will be necessary that each of them should stand obliquely, and chiefly make use of one hand; that is, supposing the stage or platform where they stand to be a quadrangle, each speaker should respectively face that corner of it next to the audience, and use that hand, and rest upon that leg, which is next to the person he speaks to, and which is farthest from the audience. This disposition is absolutely necessary to

form any thing like a picturesque grouping of objects; and without it, that is, if both speakers use the right hand, and stand exactly fronting each other, the impropriety will be palpable, and the spectacle disgusting.

It need scarcely be noted, that if the speaker in a scene uses that hand which is next the audience, he ought likewise to poize his body upon the same leg: this is almost an invariable rule in action: the hand should act on that side only on which the body bears. Good actors and speakers may sometimes depart from this rule; but such only will know when to do it with propriety.

Occasion may be taken in the course of the scene to change sides. One speaker, at the end of an impassioned speech, may cross over to the place of the other; while the latter, at the same moment, crosses over to the place of the former. This, however, must be done with great care, and so as to keep the back from being turned to the audience; but if this transition be performed adroitly, it will have a very good effect in varying the position of the speakers, and giving each an opportunity of using his right hand —the most favourable to grace and expression. And if, from so humble a scene as the school, we may be permitted to raise our observations to the senate, it might be hinted that gentlemen on each side of the house, while addressing the chair, can with grace and propriety only make use of one hand; namely, that which is next to the Speaker: and it may be observed in passing, that to all the other advantages of speaking

which are supposed to belong to one side of the house —may be added, the graceful use of the right hand.

The better to conceive the position of two speakers in a scene, a plate is given, representing their respective attitudes: and it must be carefully noted, that when they are not speaking, the arms must hang in their natural place, by the sides, unless what is spoken by one is of such importance as to excite agitation and surprise in the other. But if we should be sparing of gesture at all times, we should be more particularly so when we are not speaking.

From what has been laid down, it will evidently appear how much more difficult and complicated is the action of a scene than that of a single speech; and, in teaching both to children, how necessary it is to adopt as simple and easy a method as possible. The easiest method of conveying instruction in this point will be sufficiently difficult; and, therefore, the avoiding of awkwardness and impropriety should be more the object of instruction than the conveying of beauties.

There are, indeed, some masters who are against teaching boys any action at all, and are for leaving them in this point entirely to nature.* It is happy, however, that they do not leave that action to nature which is acquired by dancing; the deportment of their pupils would soon convince them they were imposed on by the sound of words. Improved and

* ——— Ego nec studium sine divite venâ,
Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium.
Hor. Ars Poetica.

beautiful nature is the object of the painter's pencil, the poet's pen, and the rhetorician's action, and not that sordid and common nature which is perfectly rude and uncultivated. Nature directs us to art, and art selects and polishes the beauties of nature. It is not sufficient for an orator, says Quintilian, that he is a man; he must be an improved and cultivated man; he must be a man favoured by nature and fashioned by art.

But the necessity of adopting some method of teaching action is too evident to need proof. Boys will infallibly contract some action; to require them to stand stock-still while they are speaking an impassioned speech, is not only exacting a very difficult task from them, but is in a great measure checking their natural exertions. If they are left to themselves, they will in all probability fall into very wild and ungraceful action, which, when once formed into a habit, can scarcely ever be corrected: giving them, therefore, a general outline of good action, must be of the utmost consequence to their progress and improvement in pronunciation.

The great use, therefore, of a system of action like the present, is, that a boy will never be embarrassed for want of knowing what to do with his legs and arms; nor will he bestow that attention on his action, which ought to be directed to his pronunciation: he will always be in a position which will not disgrace his figure; and when this gesture is easy to him, it may serve as a groundwork to something more perfect; he may, either by his own genius, or his master's instruc-

tions, build some other action upon it, which may in time give it additional force and variety.

Thus, what seemed either unworthy the attention, or too difficult for the execution of others, the author of the present publication has ventured to attempt. A conviction of the necessity of teaching some system of action, and the abundant success of the present system in one of the most respectable academies near London, has determined him to publish it for the use of such seminaries as make English Pronunciation a part of their discipline. From the common prejudice against any new methods of teaching, and often from the trouble attending them, he does not flatter himself that the present production will meet with a very cordial reception at first; but hopes that time will justify him in this, as it has done in some other attempts to improve the art of reading and speaking.

As the present compilation is more particularly calculated for speaking, such pieces are selected as are the most proper for pronouncing by heart. Such Parliamentary Debates are chosen as were selected and arranged by Dr. Johnson when Pitt and Pulteney shone with unrivalled lustre. These are so abridged as to form a good exhibition, of about half an hour, for the upper boys in the school, and chiefly those who have not confidence enough to show themselves in a single speech. The ease with which most of them may be pronounced, and the cover they afford to modest diffidence, make them peculiarly suitable to a considerable number of boys in every school.

The different pieces are classed under five heads,

namely, the Declamatory, the Vehement, the Deliberative or Argumentative, the Pathetic, and the Comic; and though the compiler is no great friend to the latter kind of speeches, as they require acting rather than speaking, yet as some boys are found to have a strong turn for Comic Humour, and other teachers may be of a different opinion in this point, he has given them a place in this collection. This arrangement will, he flatters himself, be found of some use, as it ascends from the easiest to the most difficult species of speaking. All boys can declaim, or recite such speeches as have little or no passion in them; many can express anger, rage, and fury; not near so many can pronounce a soliloquy with weight and meaning; but few can touch the tender passions, and still fewer can succeed in comedy. This last species of speaking seems indeed more peculiarly the gift of nature than any of the rest; and the comic speaker, like the poet, must be born, not made.

It may not be useless to observe, that boys should be classed in this, as in every other kind of instruction, according to their abilities; that a class should not consist of more than ten; that about eight or ten lines of some speech should be read first by the teacher, then by the boy who reads best, and then by the rest in order, all having a book of the same kind, and all reading the same portion. This portion they must be ordered to get by heart against the next lesson; and then the first boy must speak it, standing at some distance before the rest, in the manner directed in the plates: the second boy must succeed

him, and so on till they have all spoken: after which another portion must be read to them, which they must read and speak in the same manner as before. When they have gone through a speech in this manner by portions, the two or three first boys may be ordered, against the next lesson, to speak the whole speech; the next lesson, two or three more, and so on to the rest. This will excite emulation, and give the teacher an opportunity of ranking them according to their merit.

With respect to rules for pronunciation, the teacher must be referred to the Rhetorical Grammar, where it is presumed are to be found a collection of the easiest and most definite rules for Reading and Speaking that have hitherto appeared in our language.

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THE reception the Public has given to the five former editions of this work has induced the Author to make some very considerable Alterations and Additions, which he flatters himself will render it more useful. In these Additions he has been solicitous to give as much original matter as he could; and such as has not been *too much blown upon* (as Mr. Addison expresses it) in other compilations of the same kind.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES.

		Page
I.	A debate in the Year 1732, on a Motion for continuing the Army	1
II.	A debate in the Year 1734, on a Motion for giving Prizes to the Seamen concerned in taking them	17
III.	A Debate in the Year 1740, on a Vote of Thanks to the King for his Speech	34
IV.	A Debate in the Year 1740, on a Bill for preventing Merchants from raising the Wages of Seamen in Time of War	49

PART II.

DECLAMATION.

I.	Brutus on the Death of Cæsar	*Shaks.*	65
II.	Douglas to Lord Randolph	*Home.*	66
III.	Othello's Apology to the Senate	*Shaks.*	67
IV.	The Bishop of Carlisle in Richard II.	*ibid.*	69
V.	Lord Clifford's Speech to Henry VI.	*ibid.*	70
VI.	Greatness and Sublimity of the Mind	*Akenside.*	71
VII.	The Pleasures arising from Novelty	*ibid.*	73
VIII.	Scale of Animal Existence	*Pope.*	75
IX.	Social Duties arising from Nature	*ibid.*	76
X.	On Taste. Its Universality and Diversity	*Aken.*	77
XI.	Chorus to the first Act of Henry V.	*Shaks.*	79
XII.	Chorus to the second Act of Henry V.	*ibid.*	80
XIII.	Henry the V.'s Condemnation of Treason	*ibid.*	81
XIV.	The Character of Rumour	*ibid.*	83
XV.	Chorus to the third Act of Henry V.	*ibid.*	83
XVI.	Virtue our Duty and highest Interest	*Pope.*	85

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XIV.	The Character of Rumour	*ibid.*	83
XV.	Chorus to the third Act of Henry V.	*ibid.*	83
XVI.	Virtue our Duty and highest Interest	*Pope.*	85

		Page
XVII.	The Miseries of Royalty ..... *Shaks.*	86
XVIII.	The Folly of Procrastination..... *Young.*	88
XIX.	Gloucester's Speech to the Nobles ..... *Shaks.*	89
XX.	Morning Hymn of Adam and Eve ..... *Milton.*	90
XXI.	Belial's Speech dissuading from War..... *ibid.*	92
XXII.	The Youth and the Philosopher .... *Whitehead.*	95
XXIII.	Prologue to Cato ..... *Pope.*	96
XXIV.	Cato's Senate ..... *Addison.*	97
XXV.	Orestes, Ambassador to Pyrrhus ..... *Philips.*	102
XXVI.	King Henry and Lord Chief Justice..... *Shaks.*	105
XXVII.	Nicholaus's Speech for Nicias ..... *ibid.*	107
XXVIII.	Demosthenes against Philip ..... *Leland.*	109
XXIX.	Æschines against Demosthenes ..... *ibid.*	113
XXX.	Demosthenes against Æschines..... *ibid.*	116
XXXI.	Hannibal to his Soldiers..... *ibid.*	122
XXXII.	T. Quintius to the Roman People ..... *ibid.*	125
XXXIII.	Cicero's Oration against Verres ..... *ibid.*	128

PART III.

VEHEMENT PASSION.

I.	Richmond encouraging his Soldiers ..... *Shaks.*	133
II.	Marcellus's Speech to the Mob, in J. Cæsar.. *ibid.*	134
III.	Antony's Soliloquy over Cæsar's Body ..... *ibid.*	135
IV.	Alexander, on passing the Granicus ..... *Lee.*	135
V.	Zanga's Joy and Remorse on his Plot .... *Young.*	136
VI.	Zanga encouraging Alonzo to kill his Wife .. *ibid.*	137
VII.	Henry V. to his Soldiers at Harfleur ..... *Shaks.*	138
VIII.	Henry V. to his Soldiers at Agincourt ..... *ibid.*	139
IX.	Moloch's Oration for War ..... *Milton.*	140
X.	Portius and Marcus on Cæsar's Success .. *Addison.*	142
XI.	Faulconbridge and King John ..... *Shaks.*	144
XII.	Brutus and Cassius, in J. Cæsar .... *ibid.*	145
XIII.	Gloucester and Hastings, in J. Shore ..... *Rowe.*	148
XIV.	K. Henry and Hotspur ..... *Shaks.*	153
XV.	K. Henry and Prince of Wales..... *ibid.*	157
XVI.	Vanoc and Valens, in the Briton ..... *Philips.*	161
XVII.	Brutus and Cassius, in J. Cæsar ..... *Shaks.*	166

PART IV.

REFLECTION AND ARGUMENT.

			Page
I.	Brutus's Soliloquy upon killing Cæsar	*Shaks.*	171
II.	Hamlet's Soliloquy upon his own Conduct	*ibid.*	172
III.	Hamlet's Soliloquy upon Life and Death	*ibid.*	173
IV.	Hamlet's Soliloquy upon his Delay.....	*ibid.*	174
V.	Cato's Soliloquy upon Immortality	*Addison.*	176
VI.	The Judgment of Hercules.....		177
VII.	Mr. Pym's Speech against Lord Strafford		181
VIII.	Lord Digby, in Favour of Lord Strafford		183
IX.	Lord Strafford's Defence		186
X.	Lord Mansfield's Speech in Favour of Wilkes		188
XI.	Lord Mansfield's Speech against Privilege		191
XII.	Douglas's Account of the Hermit	*Home.*	194
XIII.	Different Degrees of Beauty in Objects	*Aken.*	195
XIV.	Milton's Lamentation of his Blindness		197
XV.	The Drowning Fly.....		199
XVI.	Ode on St. Cæcilia's Day.....	*Pope.*	200
XVII.	Ode to Truth	*Mason.*	204

PART V.

GRIEF AND TENDERNESS.

I.	Hamlet's Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage..	*Shaks.*	207
II.	Buckingham going to Execution.....	*ibid.*	208
III.	Henry the IV.'s Soliloquy on Sleep	*ibid.*	209
IV.	Soliloquy of the King in Hamlet.....	*ibid.*	210
V.	Cato's Speech on the Death of his Son	*Addison.*	212
VI.	Hymn to Adversity	*Gray.*	213
VII.	Ode on a Prospect of Eton College	*ibid.*	214
VIII.	Satan's Address to the Sun.....	*Milton.*	217
IX.	Antony's Oration over Cæsar's Body.....	*Shaks.*	220
X.	Samson deploring his Captivity and Blindness		223
XI.	The Bard	*Gray.*	226
XII.	Pindaric Ode sent to Mrs. Carter.....		231
XIII.	Ode on the Passions.....	*Collins.*	235

		Page
XIV.	Bolingbroke and Richard's Entry into London, *Shaks.*	239
XV.	Scroop and Richard II. .... *ibid.*	240
XVI.	Henry IV. and Prince of Wales ..... *ibid.*	242
XVII.	Wolsey and Cromwell ..... *ibid.*	245
XVIII.	Aletes and Ilyssus, in Creusa..... *Whitehead.*	247
XIX.	Juba and Syphax, in Cato..... *Addison.*	251
XX.	Parting of Hector and Andromache ..... *Pope.*	255
XXI.	The Fate of Painting and modern Languages.. *ibid.*	259

PART VI.

COMIC HUMOUR.

I.	Jaques on Fools and the Stages of Life .... *Shaks.*	260
II.	Clown on Rules of Quarrelling ..... *ibid.*	262
III.	Town and Country Mice ..... *Pope.*	264
IV.	Æsop and the Beau ..... *Vanbrugh.*	266
V.	Fable of the Belly and Members..... *Shaks.*	271
VI.	Description of Queen Mab..... *ibid.*	276
VII.	Fable of the Cameleon.....	278
VIII.	The Monkey who had travelled ..... *Gay.*	280
IX.	Ancient and Modern Music compared	282
X.	Hamilton's Bawn ..... *Swift.*	285

PART I.

PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES.

I. *A Parliamentary Debate, in the Year* 1732, *upon a Motion for continuing the Number of Troops in the Service of His Majesty.*

SPEAKERS.

Sir William Strickland,	Mr. Barnard,
Lord Morpeth,	Mr. Noel,
Lord Hervey,	Mr. Shippen,
Mr. Plomer,	Sir Robert Walpole,
Sir William Yonge,	Mr. Horace Walpole,
Sir William Wyndham,	Mr. Pulteney.
Mr. Henry Pelham,	

Sir William Strickland.

Sir,—Though the public tranquillity is happily and fully established, I think it absolutely necessary for us to keep up a respectable number of troops, till we see how those measures by which the public tranquillity has been established shall be approved of by the other Powers of Europe, who have not yet declared their sentiments upon this subject; I therefore humbly move, Sir, that the number of effective men for guards and garrisons, in Great Britain, and for Guernsey and Jersey, for the ensuing year, including invalids, shall be 17,154, and 555 men, which the six independent companies consist of, for the service of the Highlands; in all 17,709 effective men, commission and non-commission officers included.

Lord Morpeth.

Sir,—Though I should be sorry to see my country exposed to danger, for want of a sufficient number of troops to defend it in any emergency, I should be equally sorry to see our liberties exposed to danger by the awe these troops may create in the minds of the people: besides, Sir, there is another reason which ought to weigh with every lover of his country; and that is, the expense of these troops. Shall we, at the end of an expensive war, when our pockets have been drained, and our credit stretched, continue these expenses, and entail them on our posterity? No, Sir; abstracted from the *danger* of so many standing troops, the *expense* of them appears to be too great for our present resources; and therefore, if some troops are absolutely necessary, I humbly move, that their number be no more than 12,000 effective men.

Lord Hervey.

Sir,—Though the peace and tranquillity of this nation both at home and abroad, be now, by his Majesty's wise conduct, established, in all probability, upon a firm and lasting foundation, yet a wise people ought always to be upon their guard against the worst that may happen.

We must not imagine that we have no enemies, or that they have lost their former watchfulness. As long as we have a good and brave army for our support, they know they dare not break out into any open acts of violence; but the many scandalous and seditious libels that are every day published against the government, and the many scribblers that are employed to vilify and asperse his Majesty, and his administration, and to sow disaffection among the people, is an evident sign that we have as yet many enemies, even within our bosom, who would probably think of making use of other weapons than the pen, if we should be so un-

wise as to afford them the least hopes of success by making a great reduction in our army; and therefore I am for continuing the army, for this year at least, upon the footing that was at first proposed.

Mr. Plomer.

Sir,—I cannot help observing, that the most weighty argument made use of by the noble Lord who spoke last seems to be, that there is a great number of scribblers employed to write against the government; but, for my part, Sir, I cannot see why that should be thought a sufficient reason for keeping up a standard army of soldiers. If scribbling gives the government any uneasiness or makes them dream of danger, I think the best way would be to employ an army of *scribblers* to defend them; for I doubt not but a sufficient number of such may be found, who will list upon that side where they expect to make the most advantage.

Sir William Yonge.

Sir,—The question now before us is not any way relating to the preservation or the loss of our liberties; we are not to suppose, we cannot suppose, that his Majesty is to employ the forces we are to keep on foot in any illegal way, or that he is to make use of *them*, or of any *other* means, to encroach upon the liberties of our country. We have had sufficient experience of his Majesty's wisdom and goodness, not to entertain the least suspicion of any such design. All that his Majesty wants is, that we will take care to keep up a parliamentary force sufficient for enabling him to repel any attack that may be made upon our country, or upon our constitution. His Majesty desires nothing but what may be necessary for preserving us in the happy and quiet state in which we are at present, and for continuing and protecting the free enjoyment of those liberties and privileges, for which he has always shown so great a regard.

While this is the use to be made of our standing army, I cannot think that the number proposed is at all too large; and if any other use were to be made of them, I hope I should be as ready as any man in this House to oppose any such measures; but as long as the continuation of the army depends upon the resolution of Parliament, from year to year, there is, I think, no danger of any such measures being entered upon, or even so much as thought of. The Parliament will always have it in their power to put a stop to such measures in their infancy, and long before they can be made effectual, or so much as brought to any maturity; and I hope it never will be imagined, that the Parliament will join in any measure for enslaving the people: I shall therefore, Sir, give my vote for keeping up the number of forces proposed.

Sir William Wyndham.

Sir,—It has always been looked upon as contrary to the constitution, and inconsistent with the liberties of this country, to keep up a standing army in time of peace. This is a maxim that has been handed down to us from our forefathers, and is certainly as true a maxim as any that ever was, or ever can be, laid down for the preservation of our happy constitution. His Majesty has been most graciously pleased to assure us, from the throne, that the expectations he has given us, from time to time, of seeing the general tranquillity of Europe restored and established, are now fully answered. What have we more to expect? Do we hope ever to see a time when all the powers of Europe will be, even to outward appearance, so fully satisfied and pleased, that no jealousies or private animosities shall seem to remain? The hope is vain; the thing is impossible: for those very measures which make one easy, will always give some appearance of disquiet to another. Besides; the ambition of princes is such, that no general satisfaction can

be expected, nor can a profound tranquillity be hoped for, to remain for any time, without some disturbance. Either now is a proper time for us to reduce a part of our army, or such a time will never happen; and this nation must always be obliged to be at the expense of maintaining a numerous regular army, and lie exposed to have its liberties and privileges trampelled upon by the means of that army, whenever we shall have a King weak or ambitious enough, or a Ministry wicked enough, to engage in such measures.

Sir, the brave and bold spirit which the British subjects naturally have is well known; our enemies have often felt it to their cost. I hope the same spirit still remains; I hope we have men enow in Britain, who have resolution to defend themselves against any invasion whatever, were there not so much as one red coat in the whole kingdom. It is upon the bravery of our subjects, upon the natural courage of our men, that we ought principally to depend for the protection and safety of our country against a foreign enemy; by trusting to this we have continued for many years to be a happy and a free people; and, as soon as we begin to put our trust in any thing else, our happiness and our liberty will be at an end, and a state of misery and slavery must soon after ensue.

As to the disaffection that is pretended to be in the country, it is nothing *but* a pretence; and it will *always* be a pretence. I hope, Sir, it is so inconsiderable, that our ordinary civil officers are sufficient to seize, and our common jails capable of holding, all the disaffected in the kingdom; but I must say, that the continuing of a standing army, even from year to year, will certainly make the disaffection increase, and will make it spread through all parts of the kingdom. It is my opinion, Sir, that the affections of the people ought to be measured by the affections of their representatives in Parliament; it has always been so hitherto; the subjects, when they suspected that the crown was mak-

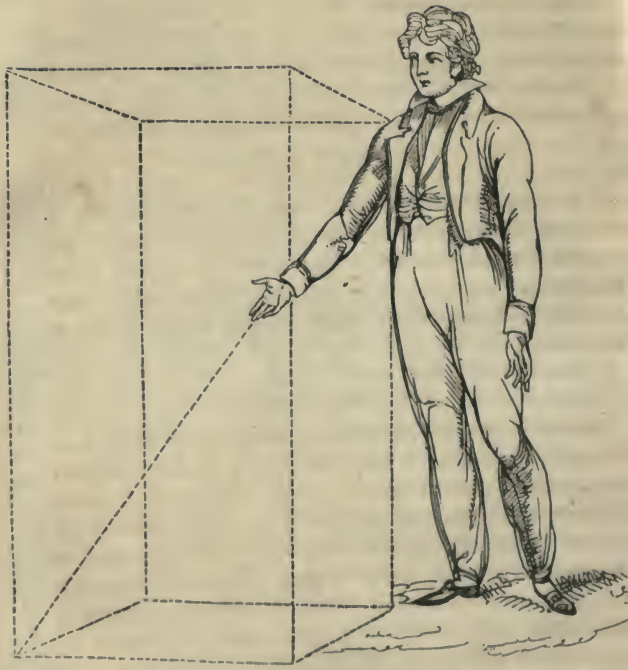
ing any encroachments upon their liberties, always pleased themselves with the thoughts that they could find a sure redress from their representatives assembled in Parliament: upon them they always depend for a certain remedy for all their real, or even imaginary wrongs: but if this House shall thus, from year to year, agree to the continuance of a standing army, I am afraid it will no longer continue to be a rule for measuring the people's affections: the people will begin to look upon us, not as their representatives, or as the guardians of their liberties, but as the insignificant tools of a Court, and the hireling supporters of an Administration.

Mr. Henry Pelham.

Sir,—Notwithstanding the fears and apprehensions of the honourable gentleman who spoke last, I cannot think, as long as the army is regularly paid, and strict discipline is kept up, that the people can meet with an injustice from them; for, as long as they are subject to be reduced or disbanded by the Parliament, whenever it is thought convenient, they can never be employed against the liberties and privileges of the subject; and therefore I do not believe that the small number now proposed can ever raise any discontents or jealousies in the minds of the people: but while there is so much disaffection to the government at home, we must be weak indeed to deprive ourselves of the means of security. This disaffection is doubted of by some gentlemen; but though it may be dormant, it is certainly not quite extinguished: this will appear from the late speech of a common-councilman in the city of London; who, when a petition was presented for pulling down the old conduit in Cheapside, and erecting the statue of King William in its place, told them, that this would be only removing one nuisance to set up another. This is a sufficient proof that we ought to be upon our guard; and therefore I heartily agree to the number of troops originally proposed.

PLATE I.

ELEMENTS OF GESTURE, PAGE VII.



Mr. Barnard.

Sir,—I cannot agree to the continuing the army on the footing proposed, because his Majesty has assured us that there is a profound tranquillity abroad; and if there be any party at home against the protestant succession, I am convinced it is so insignificant, that it is not worth taking notice of. The setting up, or not setting up, of King William's statue, can be no argument for proving that there is a spirit of Jacobitism in the country. For my part, I wish the proposal had been agreed to, and that the statue had been set up; but I am sure that the late opposition that was made to it, and the refusing to set it up in the place proposed for it, did not proceed from any disaffection to the Government, or from any dislike of the Revolution; there were many other reasons to be assigned for that refusal, which, by the generality of the people who were concerned in that matter, were thought to be of weight enough to give their negative at that time.

Mr. Horace Walpole.

Sir,—The present question is about an army which is to be kept up according to law, and by and with the consent and approbation of the people. If we look into the Petition of Right itself, what does it say? Why, that an army raised or kept up, without consent of Parliament, is contrary to the constitution; but it is never said, that an army kept up by consent of Parliament is illegal, or any way contrary to our happy constitution. A parliamentary army never did any harm to this nation; but reductions of that army have often been fatal. I have been assured, by a Minister of very great consequence, that the reducing of our army, after the peace of Ryswick, very much encouraged the Court of France to take such measures, and to make such bold steps,

as they afterwards did. They would have been much more cautious, if we had kept ourselves in a capacity of pouring in a numerous army upon them; but they saw we had put it out of our power, and therefore they despised us.

After all, Sir, I would not have the friends to the present establishment think themselves absolutely safe and secure. It is not to be supposed, but that his Majesty has still some private enemies, even in our own country. People may say what they please about the treatment the petition for erecting King William's statue lately met with, but I look upon it as an affront designedly put upon the Revolution; and I am sure it never could have met with so much contempt from any thing but a spirit of Jacobitism still subsisting in the country, which can never be destroyed but by taking from them all hopes of success; and this can only be done by keeping up an army sufficient to defend us against their utmost efforts.

Mr. Noel.

Sir,—I cannot say but I very much approve of his Majesty's speech at the beginning of this session: I am glad to observe that his Majesty has therein declared, in so strong terms, his affection for his people; but, from the motion that has been made for such a number of troops, I think the speech ought to have concluded with these words: That his Majesty, to show his affection to his people, would quarter upon them for next year but eighteen thousand men.

Now, Sir, to say nothing of the danger of keeping up such a body of mercenaries, the burden of supporting them must be intolerable. I submit, indeed, to the amendment made by a noble Lord, for a smaller number of forces than was at first proposed; I mean twelve thousand rather than eighteen thousand, only as it is the smaller evil, and not be-

PLATE II.

ELEMENTS OF GESTURE, PAGE IX.

cause I think that number now necessary for our preservation, nor because I think any number ought ever to be admitted into our establishment, or considered as a part of our constitution, on any pretence whatever.

Mr. Shippen.

Mr. Speaker,—I see this question in the same light with those gentlemen who are of opinion, that the determination of it will show the people of Great Britain, whether they are to enjoy the civil constitution with all its rights and privileges, or to endure a military government with all its inconveniences and oppressions.

However harsh this assertion may sound, it is so well founded, that, if we cannot now hope for a reduction of the army, we may for ever despair of it. For this is the conjuncture, this is the crisis, when the people of Great Britain may with reason and justice expect (I had almost said demand) an exemption from every unnecessary tax; and as none is more grievous at all times, so none seems to be more unnecessary at this time, than that which is occasioned by maintaining an extraordinary number of land forces. Such an exemption must be acceptable to his Majesty, who has been most graciously pleased to open the session with declaring, That it is a pleasure to him to give ease to his subjects, whenever the welfare of the public will admit of it. Since, then, his Majesty has so gloriously performed his part, let us not be wanting on ours. Let us take the earliest opportunity of convincing those we represent, that they are immediately to reap the fruit of his Royal labours, and that all their grievances will be gradually redressed. Let us begin with reducing the army, and making them sensible that it is not intended they should any longer bear the burden and inconveniences of war, in a day of profound peace and universal tranquillity. If we fail in this great point, the people,

who did not resign their understandings when they delegated their power to us, know they have a right to judge for themselves. They will not be imposed upon by appearances; they will be apt, notwithstanding all the fine words they hear, and all the fine speeches they read, to call this boasted success, these promised blessings, no more than a mere delusion, a golden dream, a chimerical and visionary scene of happiness.

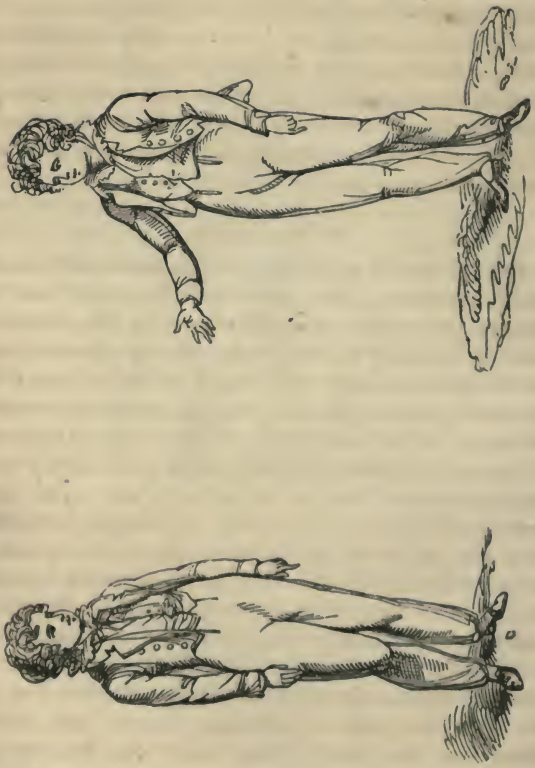
I wish, therefore, the honourable person who moved this question, and the other gentlemen who have been his coadjutors in the support of it, had been a little more explicit. I wish, instead of reviving the old exploded argument of disaffection and Jacobitism—I wish, instead of rambling so widely from the point in debate, they would have dealt more candidly with their audience, and told us plainly whether they think a standing force will always be necessary to preserve and secure our present happy settlement; or whether they think the civil constitution of this kingdom so weakly and so imperfectly framed, as to want something of the military power to strengthen and sustain it. If they entertain either of these notions, they must give me leave to take notice, that such an insinuation is unjust, and the argument odious: since it is a very gross reflection on our present happy settlement, which is founded on the principles of liberty; and which you know, Sir, was intended to rectify all the errors, and to reform all the abuses, of preceding reigns: I say, it is a very gross reflection on our present settlement, to suppose that his Majesty cannot wear his crown in safety, but by burdening the nation with the constant charge of maintaining near eighteen thousand men; but by establishing a force which will perpetually interfere with the liberty of his subjects, and consequently shake the foundation of his throne. For, however changeable the counsels and actions of Ministers may be, the nature of

PLATE III.

ELEMENTS OF GESTURE, PAGE X.

PLATE IV.

ELEMENTS OF GESTURE, PAGE XI.



things is permanent; and it is impossible that what has been the constant, the certain cause of destruction to other governments, should by any new schemes, by any refinements in politics, be made the sole, or at least, the chief security of his Majesty's crown.

As, therefore, it is the glory of our ancestors, that they have maintained our constitution, in opposition to all the attempts of innovation, and that they have transmitted it entire to their posterity; so will it be a mark of eternal infamy to that generation, in whose time it shall happen, either by the ambition of the Prince, or by the treachery of the Ministry, or by the slavishness of the people, to be surrendered or destroyed.

Sir Robert Walpole.

Sir,—I find the gentlemen who oppose the motion made by my honourable friend, have all along argued, as if the number of forces now proposed were to be kept up against law, or to be continued for ever; whereas the very design of the motion made to this House is in order to have a law for keeping them up; and all that the gentleman wants by his motion is, that they shall be continued for this year only. The case, then, before us is, Whether it will be more proper, and more for the benefit of the nation, to keep up the number proposed for one year, or by an ill-timed frugality to reduce some part of them, and thereby expose the nation to be contemned and despised by our neighbours around us, and that at a time when the public tranquillity is but just settled, and before we can know whether some of our neighbouring powers are satisfied or not. Nations, as well as private men, must accommodate their measures to the times they live in. The circumstances of Europe are now much altered from what they were in former days: but a few years ago

there was no such thing in Europe as what we now call a standing army; there was nothing but the militia for any country; and therefore it was no way necessary for us to have any thing else. If we quarrelled with any of our neighbours, we were sure they had nothing but militia to bring against us; our militia was, and I hope still is, as good as theirs; but I do not believe that any man will say, that the militia of any country can be made fully as good as regular troops, bred up to discipline, and accustomed to command, for many years; the thing is impossible, and is so looked on by all the powers of Europe. There is not now a sovereign state in Europe but keeps a body of regular troops in its pay; there are none of our neighbours but what keep a much greater number than we do; and therefore it is become in a manner absolutely necessary for us to keep some: we must have some regular troops to oppose to those that may upon a sudden emergency be brought against us, and to obstruct and to oppose their passage, till we have time to raise more. The only question is, how great a number we ought to keep, and in what manner they ought to be kept up, so as not to be dangerous to our constitution.

As to the preventing of any danger arising from the regular forces kept up, I do not think there can be a better method proposed than that of keeping them up only by authority of Parliament, and continuing them only from year to year. By this method, Sir, they must always be dependant on, and subservient to, the Parliament or people, and consequently can never be made use of for any thing but for the preservation and safety of the people, against all attempts, foreign and domestic; and while they are kept up in this manner, they will always be a terror to our enemies, without subjecting us to any of those misfortunes which

other countries have fallen into. A standing army, I find, is represented by some gentlemen, who have spoken upon the other side of the question, as not to be depended upon even by the King, whose service they are in. I grant that an army of British subjects, whatever way kept up or modelled, is not to be trusted to by a King, who makes any attempts upon the liberties of the people; but if an army raised and maintained without the consent of Parliament, is not to be trusted to by a King who has such designs, how much less can any man depend, for the execution of such designs, upon an army such as we have at present; an army raised, kept up, and maintained by the people; an army that may be dismissed by them when they please: and an army that is commanded by gentlemen of some of the best estates and families amongst us, who never can be supposed capable of joining in any measures for enslaving a country, where they have so great an interest, and where their ancestors have so often signalized themselves in the cause of liberty? It is not therefore to be imagined, that ever such an army can be of any dangerous consequence to our liberties, were they much more numerous than they are proposed to be.

Mr. Pulteney.

Sir,—We have heard a great deal about parliamentary armies, and about an army continued from year to year. I always *have* been, Sir, and always *shall* be, against a standing army of any kind; to me it is a terrible thing, whether under that of Parliamentary, or any other designation: a standing army is still a standing army, whatever name it be called by; they are a body of men distinct from the body of the people; they are governed by different laws, and blind obedience and an entire submission to the orders of their

commanding officer is their only principle. The nations around us, Sir, are already enslaved, and have been enslaved by those very means; by means of their standing armies they have every one lost their liberties; it is, indeed, impossible, that the liberties of the people can be preserved in any country where a numerous standing army is kept up. Shall we then take any of our measures from the examples of our neighbours? No, Sir, on the contrary, from their misfortunes we ought to learn to avoid those rocks upon which they have split.

It signifies nothing to tell me, that our army is commanded by such gentlemen as cannot be supposed to join in any measures for enslaving their country. It may be so; I hope it is so; I have a very good opinion of many gentlemen now in the army; I believe *they* would not join in any such measures; but their lives are uncertain, nor can we be sure how long they may be continued in command; they may be all dismissed in a moment, and proper tools of power put in their room. Besides, Sir, we know the passions of men; we know how dangerous it is to trust the best of men with too much power. Where was there a braver army than that under Julius Cæsar? Where was there ever an army that had served their country more faithfully? That army was commanded generally by the best citizens of Rome, by men of great fortune and figure in their country; yet *that army* enslaved their country. The affections of the soldiers towards their country, the honour and integrity of the under-officers, are not to be depended on; by the military law, the administration of justice is so quick, and the punishments so severe, that neither officer nor soldier dares offer to dispute the orders of his supreme commander; he must not consult his own inclinations; if an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of this

House, he must do it; he dares not disobey; immediate death would be the sure consequence of the least grumbling. And if an officer were sent into the Court of Requests, accompanied by a body of musketeers with skrewed bayonets, and with orders to tell us what we ought to do, and how we were to vote,—I know what would be the duty of this House. I know it would be our duty to order the officer to be taken and hanged up at the door of the lobby: but, Sir, I doubt much if such a spirit could be found in this House, or in any House of Commons that will ever be in England.

Sir, I talk not of imaginary things; I talk of what has happened to an English House of Commons, and from an English army; not only from an English army, but an army that was raised by that very House of Commons, an army that was paid by them, and an army that was commanded by generals appointed by them. Therefore do not let us vainly imagine, that an army raised and maintained by authority of Parliament will always be submissive to them: if an army be so numerous as to have it in their power to overawe the Parliament, they will be submissive as long as the Parliament does nothing to disoblige their favourite General; but when that case happens, I am afraid that, in place of the Parliament's dismissing the army, the army will dismiss the Parliament, as they have done heretofore. Nor does the legality or illegality of that Parliament, or of that army, alter the case; for, with respect to that army, and according to their way of thinking, the Parliament dismissed by them was a legal Parliament; they were an army raised and maintained according to law; and at first they were raised, as they imagined, for the preservation of those liberties which they afterwards destroyed.

It has been urged, Sir, that whoever is for the Protestant succession must be for continuing the army: for that very reason, Sir, I am against continuing the army. I know

that neither the Protestant succession in his Majesty's most illustrious house, nor any succession, can ever be safe, as long as there is a standing army in the country. Armies, Sir, have no regard to hereditary succession. The first two Cæsars at Rome did pretty well, and found means to keep their armies in tolerable subjection, because the generals and officers were all their own creatures. But how did it fare with their successors? Was not every one of them named by the army, without any regard to hereditary right, or to any right? A cobbler, a gardener, or any man who happened to raise himself in the army, and could gain their affections, was made Emperor of the World. Was not every succeeding Emperor raised to the Throne, or tumbled headlong into the dust, according to the mere whim or mad phrenzy of the soldiers?

We are told, this army is desired to be continued but for one year longer, or for a limited term of years. How absurd is this distinction! Is there any army in the world continued for any term of years? Does the most absolute Monarch tell his army, that he is to continue them for any number of years, or any number of months? How long have we already continued our army from year to year? And if it thus continues, wherein will it differ from the standing armies of those countries which have already submitted their necks to the yoke? We are now come to the Rubicon; our army is now to be reduced, or it never will; from his Majesty's own mouth we are assured of profound tranquillity abroad; we know there is one at home; if this is not a proper time, if these circumstances do not afford us a safe opportunity for reducing, at least, a part of our regular forces, we never can expect to see any reduction; and this nation, already overburdened with debts and taxes, must be loaded with a heavy charge of perpetually supporting a numerous standing army, and remain for ever exposed to the

danger of having its liberties and privileges trampled upon by any future King or Ministry who shall take it in their heads to do so, and shall take a proper care to model the army for that purpose.

II. *A Parliamentary Debate, in the Year* 1734, *on a Motion for giving any Prizes that may be taken in a War with Spain to the Officers and Seamen concerned in taking them.*

SPEAKERS.

Mr. Pulteney,	Mr. Henry Fox,
Sir W. Yonge,	The Speaker,
Sir W. Wyndham,	Mr. Winnington,
Sir R. Walpole,	Mr. Hay,
Sir J. Barnard,	Mr. Wright.

Mr. P—lteney.

Sir,—The advanced season of the year, together with the apprehension of a rupture happening between Spain and Great Britain, before our next meeting, makes it necessary for us to enter into such measures as may render the war, should it happen, successful on our part. By the resolutions which we have already come to this session, we have enabled his Majesty to provide for war; we have declared our readiness to stand by him, in whatever measures he may find necessary for vindicating the honour of his Crown, for procuring reparation to his injured subjects, and satisfaction for the insults that have been put upon the nation. At the same time, Sir, these resolutions are upon the clearest proofs of an insolent, unjustifiable conduct on the part of Spain, and which, without a very ample satisfaction on

their part, must unavoidably occasion a war betwixt the two nations before next sessions of parliament.

At present, therefore, I shall humbly move, that an act made in the sixth year of Queen Anne, and to continue only during that war, may be revived, by which it is enacted, "That if any vessel shall be taken by any ship of war or "privateer, and condemned as prize, the officers and sea-"men concerned in taking her shall have the sole interest "and property in the ship and cargo so taken."

Sir William Yonge.

Sir,—I believe gentlemen will be pretty much disappointed, when I assure them that I do not rise up to oppose this bill. I cannot, however, avoid taking notice how different the time and manner in which the bill *mentioned* was brought in is from the time and manner in which the honourable gentleman proposes to bring in *his* bill.

As to the time, Sir; the former bill was passed, after the nation had been five or six years in actual war; therefore neither we nor our allies could suffer by any precipitate declaration of such a measure as this is. By the bill in Queen Anne's reign, we did not make one nation in Europe our enemy; we gave no jealousy to our allies; we put the Crown under no difficulties: but I shall submit it to gentlemen's consideration, how far it is possible to avoid these inconveniences, should such a bill pass at present. It would perhaps, Sir, be looked upon as anticipating the debate, should I enter upon any discussion of our present situation at home and abroad. This is a consideration which will be much more proper when the bill is brought before us. Thus much only I will venture to say, that I shall never be either afraid or ashamed of opposing any bill which may tend to plunge this nation into a doubtful, and, perhaps, ruinous war.

Having said thus much, Sir, with regard to the timing of this bill, give me leave just to touch upon the manner in which it is brought in. I am old enough, Sir, to remember, that when the bill, passed the sixth year of Queen Anne, for the purposes mentioned by the honourable gentleman, was brought in, the crown had previously given up its title to the share which it claimed in the prizes. We had likewise regard to the rights of the Lord High Admiral. Gentlemen will consider, if we can properly bring in a bill of this nature without some previous steps of this kind. However, as I am entirely ignorant of the shape in which the bill may appear, I shall not oppose its being brought in.

Sir William Wyndham.

Sir,—The honourable gentleman who spoke last did not, indeed, oppose the motion for bringing in this bill; but he took care to let gentlemen know, that he thought it a very wrong thing to bring it in at all. But I hope gentlemen will not be so far prepossessed against it as to think it a bad bill, because one gentleman does not think it fit for his purpose. As to what the honourable gentleman said about the time in which the bill is moved for—instead of being sorry with him that it is too precipitate, I am sorry we are so late in moving it. We are not, indeed, in actual war with the Spaniards, but I am sure they are at war with us, and have been so these twenty years; therefore it is now high time for us to show them, that we dare make war upon *them*.

The honourable gentleman's other objection was to the manner in which this bill is to be brought in. I believe, Sir, it is as regularly moved for as any other bill of the same or a like nature ever was. We have, indeed, had no previous notice from the Crown of a cession of its right in

the prizes; but I apprehend there is no occasion for it, as will appear when the bill is brought in. As to what the honourable gentleman said about the Crown's previously giving up its share of the prizes, if it is a fact, it discovered great wisdom and honesty in the Ministry in advising the Crown to such a cession; but I apprehend the cession which the honourable gentleman means, was no other than a paragraph in a speech from the Throne, three or four years before the act, from which you have heard the paragraph read, was passed, and which, I believe, had no weight with the House of Commons which passed this act. The honourable gentleman mentioned the rights of the Lord High Admiral. If the Lord High Admiral has any claim against this bill, I dare say the gentleman, in whom that great office is vested, will take care that no future Lord High Admiral shall suffer for want of an opposition to any invasion upon his right. I hope, too, gentlemen will not be amused by any assertions or insinuations, as if this bill were disrespectful to the Crown, or prejudicial to any of the great officers; it can be of prejudice to none but to those who are of prejudice to the nation.

Sir Robert Walpole.

Sir,—I do not rise up now to give my negative to the bill before us: I only intend at present to point out a few inconveniences that to me appear to lie against it; which, upon our farther progress, may be worthy our consideration. At the same time I own myself to be under great difficulties. On the one hand, should I vote for measures that must either inevitably plunge us into an expensive and uncertain war, or make the conclusion of a safe and honourable peace more difficult, I shall act contrary to my own private opinion, contrary to the duty I owe to his Majesty, from the station I have the honour to possess in his councils,

and contrary to what I owe my country from the seat I have in this House; on the other hand, I am too sensible of the many violences committed and seizures made by the Spaniards, to oppose any thing that carries a probability of contributing to the satisfaction which is due to our injured merchants, to the honour of the nation, and the dignity of the Crown of Great Britain.

I know how unpopular every argument is on the side of peace; and I know likewise, that every thing that comes from a Minister that has a tendency that way, is looked upon as proceeding from his fear of war. I have been long used to hear these reflections; but I have always disregarded a popularity that was not acquired by a hearty zeal for the public interest; and I have been long enough in this House to see, that the most steady opposers of popularity, founded upon any other views, have lived to receive the thanks of their country for that opposition. The experience, Sir, of this has often encouraged me to oppose popular measures when they were wrong, and sometimes to promote unpopular ones, if they were right. The experience of this, Sir, has made me lay before you my objections with regard to the passing of the present bill. But at the same time, Sir, I am as much against throwing cold water upon the zeal which this House has shown with regard to the insults offered to our country, as any gentleman here: nay, Sir, give me leave to say, that my own interest is concerned; and, had I no other, is a strong motive for our doing every thing that can procure us just satisfaction. I know, Sir, how far Ministers are accountable for the counsel they give their Sovereign, and how far this house, in former times, looked upon them as answerable for the conduct of the Sovereign; and I think, Sir, they should be answerable. It is but a mean excuse for a Minister, when any wrong step is made in government, that he is not

accountable for the event of measures that never were advised by him, and when he was over-ruled by his superiors. I have always disdained these mean subterfuges; and with what face can I again appear in this House, if full and ample satisfaction is not made to us, or, at least, if we do not do our utmost to obtain it, either by fair and peaceable means, or by exerting all our strength in case a war becomes necessary? If my country should call me to an account, I would very willingly take upon me the blame of every step that has been made by the government since I had the honour to enter into the Administration. As to the common notion of Ministers being afraid to enter into a war, I do not understand upon what it can be grounded. For my part, I never could see any cause, either from reason, or my own experience, to imagine that a Minister is not as safe in time of war as in time of peace. Nay, Sir, if we are to judge by reason alone, it is the interest of a Minister, conscious of any mismanagement, that there should be a war, because by a war the eyes of the public are diverted from examining into his conduct; nor is he accountable for the bad success of a war, as he is for that of an Administration. So ill-grounded a notion, therefore, can have no weight with gentlemen who judge for themselves; and such gentlemen, I doubt not, will attribute my backwardness to a war, not to a fear of inquiry, but to a real concern for the good of the nation.

Sir John Barnard.

Sir,—This bill is in every part so evidently calculated for the ends proposed by it, that I am greatly surprised that the honourable gentleman who spoke last against it, and who, by his fore-known disapprobation, has raised all the opposition it has met with, can see the clauses he objects to in so disadvantageous a light. I am persuaded, if gentlemen had

seriously reflected on the design and natural consequences of such a bill, they would have spared these objections. The principal end, Sir, proposed by it, is to prevent a war; and the way to obtain this end, is by a public act of the Legislature, to make it known to all the world, that we have raised the ardour, and encouraged the hopes, of our seamen; that we have animated all our fellow-subjects, in case a peace is refused, to distress the enemy, by seizing their wealth and possessions, and consequently diminishing their power. All the arguments, therefore, brought against the bill, on the supposition that it will tend to plunge us into a war, are drawn from wrong conclusions. Instead, Sir, of precipitating us into a war, this bill must hasten on a peace. By it we are assisting the Ministry: we are strengthening their hands; we are giving weight to their negotiations; we are letting Spain see, that we are in earnest to secure our rights by a safe and honourable peace or to vindicate them by a vigorous war. In a word, Sir, if the warmest friend of the Ministry, if the honourable gentleman who spoke last had himself been forming measures to procure a peace, he could not have thought on a more ready and more effectual expedient than this Bill.

Mr. Henry Fox.

Sir,—The bill, now under our consideration, is, in my opinion, of the greatest importance; greater perhaps than gentlemen commonly apprehend. The question with me is, not whether such or such clauses of the bill are proper for our assent, but whether this is a proper time for passing such a bill? Were we in actual war with Spain I do not deny that there are several clauses in this bill which might very much conduce towards rendering it successful on our parts; but, Sir, as his Majesty has not thought fit to declare that matters are come to such an ex-

tremity as to render it impossible to make up matters without our entering into a war, I should think it extremely imprudent in us to usurp that part of the royal prerogative; which in effect we do, should we pass this bill into a law. Besides, Sir, I think it can be proved to demonstration, that the passing of this bill in any shape, at this juncture, must greatly alarm, not only the Spaniards and the French, but even our most favourite allies. Nay, more, Sir, our own merchants, I am afraid, would, in case of an immediate rupture with Spain, be the greatest sufferers. This, Sir, must happen, not only by the great insurance which has in this country been made upon those effects, which possibly may come into the hands of our privateers, and ships of war, but by the concerns they have with the Dutch, the French, and all other European nations. Commerce is of a very delicate nature; and whatever affects too sensibly one part of the trading interest, must necessarily affect the whole. Therefore, Sir, I think it would be highly improper for us to pass a bill that must give such a shock to our allies, as our passing this bill at this juncture must certainly do. If the instances of his Majesty, for a fair and honourable peace, should be ineffectual, it is very probable that such a bill will then be thought of. But we ought by no means to anticipate the rupture, by doing any thing that may render it unavoidable. I shall not trouble the House farther at present; other gentlemen, I dare say, will speak more fully upon the question; but I thought my bare negative was not sufficient upon this occasion, without my showing publicly how pointedly I am against our passing this bill.

The Speaker.

Gentlemen,—Though the debate upon this bill has extended to a considerable length, I must beg leave to re-

mind you that the House is not yet in a Committee upon it. I must therefore take the liberty to interrupt the debate, by calling the attention of the House to another subject, which is, to the amendments of the Corn-bill. Gentlemen know very well, that this day they are to have a conference with the Lords about some amendments to another bill. As I believe the conference will not continue long, perhaps not half an hour, and very little time will be spent in reporting it, I thought the most proper way of proceeding on the business of the day was, first to consider the amendments of the Corn-bill, then go to the conference; and when gentlemen are returned from the conference, which may be about half an hour after two o'clock, to call in the order of the day, for which the present motion is made. This, Gentlemen, is the scheme which I had digested with myself, and I wish it may be agreeable to the House.

Mr. Pulteney.

Sir,—When I made the motion, it was not with a design to put the House to any inconvenience, or to interrupt the other business of the day. But since the session of Parliament is now so far advanced, that, if I am rightly informed, it will continue but three days longer; and since this Bill is of the greatest consequence to the trade and welfare of the Nation, and, if we do not go through it to-day in the Committee, it is in danger of being dropped entirely, I thought it necessary to press the consideration of it. The Corn-bill, I know, though of less importance, will, when we enter upon it, engross much of our time; of which part may be saved by putting off the report for a day, because gentlemen will have leisure to concert the amendments among themselves, and the House will perhaps escape the trouble of a debate. But the bill in my hand is of a different nature; it is a Bill in which we are all equally

concerned, a Bill for which the public are anxious, and which claims all the attention we can give. In my humble opinion, therefore, gentlemen can never be more usefully employed, than in seriously examining how it may be amended and altered so as best to answer the ends for which it is calculated. For these reasons, Sir, I shall beg leave to insist upon my motion.

Mr. Winnington.

Sir,—I do not believe there is a gentleman in this House who remembers a single instance of the order of the day being called for before two o'clock. It has always been the method of this House to receive reports before any other business was engaged in; and I have now, Sir, in my hand, the Report of a Committee upon the amendments to a Bill, upon which the House has bestowed more time and consideration, than upon any Bill that has been before it this session. I shall not dispute the importance of the Bill which the honourable gentleman has in his hand; but surely, Sir, gentlemen have no reason to complain of the reception it has met with from the House. It has been twice read, and ordered to be committed, in as short a time as any Bill could be at the end of a session, and amidst such a multiplicity of public business. Nay, it has been debated for a considerable time, and is now only interrupted till some business is dispatched which ought necessarily to come before it. It is therefore, Sir, I think, but reasonable, that the report I have in my hand be now received, and that the Bill, for which this honourable gentleman interests himself, should take its turn in a regular way.

The Speaker.

That, I must confess, is my opinion; and I could wish, for the sake of avoiding any farther disputes, that the honourable gentleman would agree to it.

Mr. Pulteney.

Sir,—Though I might very well be excused from retracting the motion I have made, yet your judgment shall always have great influence with me: if therefore gentlemen will be pleased to agree to your proposal, I am content that the report which the honourable gentleman has to make be now received.

Mr. Winnington.

Sir,—As gentlemen seem agreed in the propriety and justice of your request, I shall beg leave to move, that if the consideration of the amendments to the Corn-bill should not be concluded before two o'clock, when we are to have a conference with the House of Lords, that a farther consideration of these amendments shall be resumed when the conference is over, and that the House go upon no other business till that of the Corn-bill is finished.

Mr. Pulteney.

Sir,—If there is either faith, honour, or common justice among gentlemen, this motion ought not to be agreed to. I appeal to every gentleman in the House, if I did not retract my motion from a deference to your judgment, which influenced me to agree to what is contrary to my own. You were pleased, Sir, to inform us, how you had digested the business of the day in your own mind: and, in consequence of your proposal, we were immediately after the conference to enter upon the order of the day. This, Sir, I agreed to, and not one gentleman expressed his dissent. With what face then can gentlemen make a motion so contrary to what they agreed to scarce a minute ago? This, Sir, is I own a very extraordinary manner of proceeding among gentlemen; and for that reason, Sir, were it for no other, I hope this House will never agree to so pernicious a precedent.

Mr. Winnington.

Sir,—I do not know how just a construction the honourable gentleman, who spoke last, has put upon your words; but I am sure I understood them in a manner quite different from what he seems to have done. It never entered, Sir, into my mind to think that we were to leave the Corn-bill abruptly, and not proceed again in it when the House comes from the conference. I could wish indeed that gentlemen had met with no difficulties in the amendments, that we might have gone into a Committee upon the honourable gentleman's motion when we returned from the conference. But, Sir, as this is a bill of very great consequence to the cities of London and Westminster, I hope gentlemen will be pleased to consider that, if they should postpone it now, it may not, perhaps, be ready for the royal assent this session, and that, before the next, extortion may proceed to greater enormities, and the grievance become too heavy to be borne. A man, Sir, must always be the best judge of his own intentions; and I declare I never had an intention of leaving this bill unfinished, in order to proceed upon another, which, however fond some gentlemen are of it, may, perhaps, when carefully examined, not be found of such importance as they imagine.

Mr. Hay.

Sir,—As the present dispute between the honourable gentlemen seems to turn upon a matter of fact, I rise to give evidence to what I believe to be the truth. In my opinion, Sir, the honourable gentleman, who proposed that the House should proceed upon the amendments to the Corn-bill, never dropped a single word from which it could be inferred, that he would be willing that the House should leave the Bill without completing it, in order to

examine another Bill, only because it is so much a favourite with the honourable gentleman who adopted it. If, Sir, one gentleman has a fondness for a Bill, which perhaps has cost him some trouble in preparing and bringing into the House, sure it is very reasonable to indulge another gentleman in the same partiality for one that has cost the House so much time and trouble in examining, canvassing, and amending, as the Bill for the regulation of the price of corn has done.

For this reason, Sir, I am for resuming the consideration of this Bill; and when we have gone through it, I shall with all my heart agree to our examining the other Bill if the House shall think proper. In the mean time, Sir, I cannot see with what reason the honourable gentleman, who made the motion first, should accuse gentlemen, of breach of faith, honour, and common justice, for not understanding your words in the very same manner with himself. Nor indeed do I think a matter of this small importance ought to have taken up so much of our time. Nobody opposes our going into a Committee upon this Bill: only let us do it at a convenient time, without postponing other business that ought to have the preference. Therefore, Sir, I am entirely of opinion that we ought to resume the consideration of the amendments to the Bill for regulating the price of corn.

Mr. Pulteney.

Sir,—From what was last spoken, I can easily foresee the fate of the Bill I have now in my hand. I can discern, through all these thin disguises, that some gentlemen have recourse to a mere expedient to hinder us from continuing the debate upon a Bill, against which no show of reason or argument can be advanced. I hate, Sir, all expedients,

and I disdain all Ministers who use them. Some Ministers, Sir, there are, who live upon expedients, and who cannot do their dirty work without them. Expedients, Sir, in the hands of weak Ministers, are the instruments in defeating the most beneficial, and promoting the most destructive measures. Some Ministers know, Sir, that the Bill for which I now stand up, is a Bill that leaves no room for cobweb negotiations, inconsistent treaties, or mock expeditions for the future; and that, Sir, is the reason why this method is made use of to undermine it. If I had been capable of acting as the honourable gentleman who spoke last has suggested, I might have had many opportunities of taking the advantage of a thin house, either to bring in or throw out Bills of the greatest consequence. I appeal to every gentleman who hears me, if it has not been many times in my power to have dropped in even upon a land-tax bill, with half a dozen of my friends, and to have thrown it out. But, Sir, I always disdained these arts; the Bill, Sir, for which I have laboured, will I hope recommend itself to every gentleman, who has a just view of his country's honour; and if it is decreed that it must fall to the ground, I shall at least have the satisfaction of doing my duty honestly as an Englishman, and a Member of this House. One good consequence, I am persuaded, will attend it: my countrymen will learn, by the fate of it, what they are to expect; they will learn, Sir, whether we are tamely to submit to insolence and oppression, or to seize the means of redress.

Sir Robert Walpole.

Sir,—Though the manner in which the honourable gentleman who spoke last delivered himself may well excuse me from saying any thing, in answer to a speech so very unparliamentary, and so very inconsistent with all the rule

of common decency, yet I think I ought to show so much regard to the House as to declare that I abhor dirty expedients as much as the honourable gentleman would be thought to do. As for his common-place railing against Ministers, it gives me very little trouble, so long as I am conscious I do not deserve to have it applied to me. Were I ambitious of showing my wit, I might have a fair opportunity of doing it, by exercising it against mock patriots as much as the honourable gentleman has been pleased to do against corrupt ministers, and both perhaps might be equally instructive. But railing of all kinds, Sir, has always been looked upon as the last expedient of disappointed ambition, and a poor expedient it is. Were I one who for many years had unsuccessfully endeavoured, by all the arts that malice and falsehood could suggest, to work myself into those posts and dignities that I outwardly affected to despise, I know not but my temper might be so far soured as to induce me to make use of this expedient; but really, Sir, if I did, I should make but a very poor figure in the world. Why the honourable gentleman should suppose there was any premeditated design in the Ministry to throw out his favourite Bill, I cannot comprehend. I believe every gentleman here will in his own mind acquit the Ministry of any such design, when he reflects upon the circumstance that gave rise to this debate. I appeal to the judgment of every unbiassed lover of his country, as by this judgment I wish to stand or fall.

Mr. Wright.

Sir,—I doubt not but every gentleman in this House feels himself as much hurt as I am at the present debate: how must it affect every lover of parliamentary decorum to see gentlemen of the first abilities descend to personal reproaches, and take up the time of the House, that time

which is so precious, at this important crisis, in breaking through every regulation, which our ancestors have so wisely settled for the dispatch of national business! This business, Sir, calls loudly upon us to put an end to the present contention; and, if I may be allowed an opinion in this case, nothing is so likely to do it, as reverting to the origin of the dispute: the question is, Sir, whether the Bill which has been already debated, or the Corn-bill, should be resumed after the conference with the Lords is over? Now, Sir, as it depends principally upon you to clear up the fact that gave rise to the debate, I shall take the liberty to beg that you would inform the House how the matter stands, and doubt not but each of the contending parties will cheerfully acquiesce in your decision. (All. *Chair! Chair! Chair!*)

The Speaker.

Gentlemen,—I am extremely sorry that any thing which fell from me should have given occasion to a debate of this kind, and it is a very disagreeable business to be obliged to declare my opinion in the present case: however, Gentlemen, as you call upon me so loudly and so unanimously to do it, I will without regard to any persons or to any distinctions, inform the House of my real sentiments. When I made this controverted proposal, I thought there was but very little to do in the Corn-bill, and that it might have been easily over before the hour appointed for the conference; and indeed I must, in justice to the honourable gentleman who made the first motion, declare that, as I understood it, he retracted his motion upon the supposition that the House complied with the terms which I proposed. These terms were, that we should, after the conference was over, immediately go into a Committee upon the honourable gentleman's Bill. As no objection was made

to what I suggested, either by the honourable gentleman who made the last motion, or any of his friends, I did indeed take it for granted that the terms of my proposal were actually agreed to. However, I shall be very happy, if what I am now going to suggest can contribute to make up this breach. The conference will probably be over in half an hour, during which time all proceedings on business in this House are at a stand, and gentlemen may thereby have an opportunity of preparing matters so as to render it easy for the House to dispatch the Corn-bill in a very short time: I shall therefore take the liberty to propose that, after gentlemen are returned from the conference, the House shall proceed for half an hour upon the Corn-bill, and then resolve into a Committee on the other. If the Corn-bill cannot be dispatched in half an hour, I hope, gentlemen will be pleased to agree with our meeting to-morrow; and if they will come early, I believe we shall have time enough for going through the Corn-bill, and receiving the report of the other Bill.

Mr. Pulteney.

Sir,—I own the warmth of my temper transported me, when I spoke last, into some expressions, for which I am now very sorry. But what man, treated as I was, could have avoided some excess? As you, Sir, have been so candid as to inform the House of the truth of the matter, and so kind as to propose the method of our proceeding, I entirely agree with your proposal. I hope it is fully understood by gentlemen, and that there will be no mistakes about it when the proper time comes.

III. *A Parliamentary Debate on a Vote of Thanks to the King for his Speech, and upon an Inquiry into the State of the Nation, in the 14th Year of George* II. 1740.

SPEAKERS.

Mr. Herbert,	Sir R. Walpole,
Lord Noel Somerset,	Mr. Pulteney,
Mr. Gibbon,	Mr. Phillips,
Mr. Shippen,	Mr. Trevor.

Mr. Herbert.

Mr. Speaker,—As his Majesty has summoned a new Parliament, and has been graciously pleased to communicate his intentions to us by the speech we have just heard, it seems absolutely necessary for us to vote an address of thanks.

To address the Throne on the present occasion, is a custom, which, as it is founded on reason and decency, has always been observed by the Commons of Great Britain; nor do I suspect this House of any intention to omit these forms of respect to his Majesty, which our ancestors always paid even to Princes whose conduct and designs gave them no claim to reverence or gratitude.

To continue therefore, Sir, a practice which the nature of government itself makes necessary, and which cannot but be acknowledged to be in a peculiar degree proper under a Prince whose personal virtues are so generally known, hope for the indulgence of this House in the liberty which I shall take of proposing an address to this effect:—

'To return his Majesty the thanks of the House for his 'Royal care in prosecuting the war with Spain; and that,

'in order to answer the great and necessary purposes of it, 'this House will offer such advice as becomes faithful and 'dutiful subjects, and grant such effectual supplies as shall 'enable his Majesty to support and assist his friends and 'allies, at such times, and in such manner, as the exigency 'and circumstances of affairs shall require.'

Mr. Trevor.

Sir,—As the necessity of an address to his Majesty cannot be disputed, the only question on this occasion must be, whether the address now proposed be such as it may become this House to offer in the present conjuncture of affairs.

In an address, Sir, it is necessary to preserve at once the respect due to our Sovereign, and the dignity which may justly be assumed by the representatives of the people of Great Britain; a people, whose birth-right gives them a claim to approach their Sovereign, not indeed without the utmost respect, but with language which absolute Monarchs never hear from the slaves by whom they are surrounded.

This respect and dignity appear to me to be very happily united in the address now proposed, in which we join with our professions of duty, our offers of advice, and assert our claim to the direction of the national expenses by our promise to grant the necessary supplies.

As there cannot therefore, in my opinion, Sir, be any thing added to the address now offered, and as there appears to me no necessity of any alteration or omission, I second the motion.

Lord Noel Somerset.

Sir,—Though I am far from intending to lessen, by trifling objections, the zeal which the honourable gentle-

man who proposed the address has shown for promoting the public business, yet, as it is very inconsistent with the duty of a Member of this House to prefer civility to truth, and to sacrifice to ceremony or complaisance the interest of his country, I think it necessary to declare my opinion, that, though the address proposed may admit of many amendments, which I leave to other gentlemen to make, I think the addition of one clause absolutely necessary; that his Majesty may be desired not to engage this nation in a war for the preservation of his foreign dominions; dominions, which, as they are in themselves independent of the Crown of Great Britain, and governed by different laws, and by a different right, have been separated by an express clause from these kingdoms, in the act to which his Majesty owes his titles to the throne.

This request, Sir, is at this time particularly expedient, when the Continent is in confusion, and the territories of Hanover are endangered by the approach of the French forces. Besides, as nothing is more fatal than groundless expectations of assistance, it may contribute to the safety of that people, to show them that they are to depend upon their own strength, to call their forces together, to fortify their tows, and guard their avenues; and that, if they sit indolent and careless, in confidence that the power of Great Britain will be employed in their defence, they will only give their enemies an easy conquest, and enslave themselves and their posterity to a foreign power. I move therefore that his Majesty be desired in our address, not to engage these kingdoms in a war for the preservation of his foreign dominions.

Mr. Shippen.

Sir,—I know not how successfully I may repeat assertions, in this House, for which I have formerly been cen-

sured, and which few other members have hitherto maintained; but I rise with confidence that I shall be at least acknowledged to act consistently with myself in seconding the noble person who spoke last; and I am convinced that many who differ from me in opinion, would be glad to boast of resembling my steadiness of conduct.

But steadiness, Sir, is the effect only of integrity: he that speaks always what he thinks, and endeavours by diligent inquiry to think aright before he ventures to declare his sentiments; he that follows, in his searches, no leader but reason, nor expects any reward from them but the advantage of discovering truth, and the pleasures of communicating it, will not easily change his opinion, because it will seldom be easy to show, that he who has honestly inquired after truth has failed to attain it.

For my part, I am neither ashamed nor afraid to affirm, that thirty years have made no change in any of my political opinions; I am now grown old in this House; but that experience, which is the consequence of age, has only confirmed the principles with which I entered it many years ago; time has verified the predictions which I formerly uttered, and I have seen my conjectures ripened into knowledge.

I should be therefore without excuse if either terror could affright, or the hope of advantage allure me, from the declaration of my opinions; opinions, which I was not deterred from asserting, when the prospect of a longer life than I can now expect might have added to the temptations of ambition, or aggravated the terrors of poverty and disgrace; opinions, for which I would willingly have suffered the severest censures, even when I had espoused them only in compliance with reason, without the infallible certainty of experience.

Of truth, it has been always observed, Sir, that every day

adds to its establishment, and that falsehoods, however specious, however supported by power, or established by confederacies, are unable to stand before the strokes of time: against the inconveniences and vexations of long life, may be set the pleasure of discovering truth; perhaps the only pleasure that age affords. Nor is it a slight satisfaction, to a man not utterly infatuated or depraved, to find opportunities of rectifying his notions, and regulating his conduct by new lights.

But much greater is the happiness of that man, to whom every day brings a new proof of the reasonableness of his former determinations, and who finds, by the most unerring test, that his life has been spent in promoting doctrines beneficial to mankind. This, Sir, is the happiness which I now enjoy, and for which those who never shall attain it must look for an equivalent in lucrative employments, honorary titles, pompous equipages, and splendid palaces.

These, Sir, are the advantages which are to be gained by a seasonable variation of principles, and by a ready compliance with the prevailing fashion of opinions: advantages, which I indeed cannot envy when they are purchased at so high a price, but of which age and observation have too frequently shown me the unbounded influence; and to which I cannot deny that I have always ascribed the instability of conduct, and inconsistency of assertions, which I have discovered in many men, whose abilities I have no reason to depreciate, and of whom I cannot but believe they would easily distinguish truth, were no falsehood recommended to them by the glittering ornaments of wealth and power.

If there are in this new Parliament any men devoted to their private interest, and who prefer the gratification of their passions to the safety and happiness of their country, who can riot without remorse in the plunder of their con-

stituents, who can forget the anguish of guilt in the noise of a feast, the pomp of a drawing-room, or the glare of an equipage, and think expensive wickedness and the gaities of folly equivalent to the fair fame of fidelity and the peace of virtue, to them I shall speak to no purpose; for I am far from imagining any power in my language to gain those to truth who have resigned their hearts to avarice or ambition, or to prevail upon men to change opinions which they have indeed never believed, though they are hired to assert them. For there is a degree of wickedness which no reproof or argument can reclaim, as there is a degree of stupidity which no instruction can enlighten.

To exempt myself therefore from such guilt, to discharge the trust conferred on me by my Country, and to perform the duty which I owe to my King, I stand up to second this motion.

Mr. Gibbon.

Sir,—It is well known, that the speeches from the Throne, though pronounced by the King, are always considered as the compositions of the Ministry, upon whom any false assertions should be charged, as the informers and counsellors of the Crown.

It is well known likewise, that whenever this House returns thanks to the King for any measures that have been pursued, those measures are supposed to be approved by them, and that approbation may be pleaded by the Minister in his defence, whenever he shall be required to answer for the event of his counsels.

It it therefore, in my opinion, extremely unreasonable to propose that thanks should be returned to his Majesty for his royal care in prosecuting the war against Spain; for what has been the consequence of that care, for which our

thanks are to be with so much solemnity returned, but defeats, disgrace, and losses; the ruin of our merchants, the imprisonment of our sailors, idle shows of armaments, and useless expenses?

What are the events which are to be recorded in an impartial account of this war; a war, provoked by so long a train of insults and injuries, and carried on with so apparent inequality of forces? Have we destroyed the fleets of our enemies, fired their towns, and laid their fortresses in ruins? Have we conquered their colonies, and plundered their cities, and reduced them to a necessity of receding from their unjust claims, and repaying the plunder of our merchants? Are their Embassadors now soliciting peace at the Court of Great Britain, or applying to the neighbouring Princes to moderate the resentment of their victorious enemies?

I am afraid that the effects of our preparations, however formidable, are very different; they have only raised discontent among our countrymen, and contempt among our enemies.

I hope no man will be so unjust, or can be so ignorant, as to insinuate or believe, that I impute any part of our miscarriages to the personal conduct of his Majesty, or that I think his Majesty's concern for the prosperity of his people unworthy of the warmest and sincerest gratitude. If the address were confined to the inspection of our Sovereign alone, I should be very far from censuring or ridiculing it; for his Majesty has not the event of war in his power, nor can he confer upon his Ministers or generals that knowledge which they have neglected to acquire, or that capacity which nature has denied them. He may perform more than we have a right to expect, and yet be unsuccessful; he may deserve the utmost gratitude, even

when by the misconduct of his servants, the nation is distressed.

But, Sir, in drawing up an address, we should remember that we are declaring our sentiments, not only to his Majesty, but to all Europe; to our allies, our enemies, and our posterity; that this address will be understood, just like all others, that thanks offered in this manner by custom, signify approbation; and that therefore we must at present repress our gratitude, because it can only bring into contempt our Sovereign and ourselves.

Sir Robert Walpole.

Sir,—I am very far from thinking that the war against Spain has been so unsuccessful as some gentlemen have represented it; that the losses which we have suffered have been more frequent than we had reason to expect from the situation of our enemies, and the course of our trade; or our defeats such as the common chance of war does not often produce, even when the inequality of the contending powers is incontestable, and the ultimate event as near to certainty as the nature of human affairs ever can admit.

Nor am I convinced, Sir, even though it should be allowed that no exaggeration has been made of our miscarriages, that the impropriety of an address of thanks to his Majesty, for his royal care in the management of the war is gross and flagrant: for if it be allowed, that his Majesty may be innocent of all the misconduct that has produced our defeats, that he may have formed schemes wisely, which were unskilfully prosecuted; that even valour and knowledge concurring, will not always obtain success; and that therefore some losses may be suffered, and some defeats received, though not only his Majesty gave the wisest directions, but his officers executed them with the utmost diligence and fidelity; how will it appear from our ill success, that our

Sovereign does not deserve our gratitude? And if it shall appear to us that our thanks are merited, who shall restrain us from offering them in the most public and solemn manner?

For my part, I think no consideration worthy of regard, in competition with truth and justice; and therefore shall never forbear any expression of duty to my Sovereign, for fear of the ridicule of our secret, or the reproaches of our public, enemies.

With regard to the address under our consideration, if it be allowed either that we have not been unsuccessful in any opprobrious degree, or that ill success does not necessarily imply any defect in the conduct of his Majesty, or debar us from the right of acknowledging his goodness and his wisdom, I think, Sir, no objection can be made to the form of expression now proposed; in which, all sounding and pompous language, all declamatory exaggeration and studied figures of speech, all appearance of exultation, and all the farce of rhetoric, are carefully avoided, and nothing inserted that may disgust the most delicate, or raise scruples in the most sincere.

Yet, Sir, that we may not waste our time upon trivial disputes, when the nation expects relief from our counsels; that we may not suspend the prosecution of the war by complaint of past defeats, or retard that assistance and advice which our Sovereign demands, by inquiring whether it may be more proper to thank or to counsel him; I am willing, for the sake of unanimity, that this clause should be omitted, and hope that no other part of the address can afford room for objection.

Mr. Pulteney.

Sir,—It is no wonder that the right honourable gentleman willingly consents to the omission of this clause, which could be inserted for no other purpose, than that he might

sacrifice it to the resentment which it must naturally produce; and, by an appearance of modesty and compliance, pass easily through the first day, and obviate any severe inquiries that might be designed.

He is too well acquainted with the opinion of many whom the nation hath chosen to represent them, and with the universal clamours of the people; too accurately informed of the state of our enemies, and too conscious how much his secret machinations have hindered our success; to expect or hope that we should meet here to return thanks for the management of the war; of a war, in which nothing has been attempted by his direction that was likely to succeed, and in which no advantage has been gained, but by acting without orders and against his hopes.

That I do not charge him, Sir, without reason, or invent accusations only to obstruct his measures, or to gratify my own resentment; that I do not eagerly catch flying calumnies, prolong the date of casual reproaches, encourage the malignity of the envious, or adopt the suspicions of the melancholy; that I do not impose upon myself by a warm imagination, and endeavour to communicate to others, impressions which I have only received myself from prejudice, will be proved from a review of his conduct since the beginning of our dispute with Spain; in which it will be found that he has been guilty not only of single errors, but of deliberate treachery; that he has always co-operated with our enemies, and sacrificed to his private interest the happiness and the honour of the British nation.

How long our merchants were plundered, our sailors enslaved, and our colonies intimidated, without resentment; how long the Spaniards usurped the dominion of the seas, searched our ships at pleasure, confiscated the cargoes without controul, and tortured our fellow-subjects with impunity, cannot but be remembered. Not only every gentleman in

this House, but every man in the Nation, however indolent, ignorant, or obscure, can tell what barbarities were exercised, what ravages were committed, what complaints were made, and how they were received. It is universally known that this gentleman, and those whom he has gained by pensions and employments, treated the lamentations of ruined families, and the outcries of tortured Britons, as the clamours of sedition, as designed to inflame the People, and embarrass the Government.

Such has been the conduct for which we are desired to return thanks in an humble and dutiful address; such are the transactions which we are to recommend to the approbation of our constituents, and such the triumphs upon which we must congratulate our Sovereign.

For my part, Sir, I cannot but think that silence is too gentle a censure for that wicknedness for which no language has yet provided a name. Murder, parricide, and treason, are modest appellations, when compared with that conduct by which a King is betrayed, and a nation ruined, under pretence of promoting its interest, by a man trusted with the administration of public affairs.

Let us therefore, Sir, if it be thought improper to lay before his Majesty the sentiments of his people in their full extent, at least not endeavour to conceal them from him; let us, at least, address him in such a manner as may give him some occasion to *inquire* into the late transactions, which have for many years been such, that even but to know them is to condemn them: and that the authors of these transactions may be brought to light, I move that the House may go into an inquiry into the state of the nation.

Sir Robert Walpole.

Sir,—Though I am far from being either confounded or intimidated by this heavy charge, though I am confident

that all the measures so clamorously censured will admit of a very easy vindication, and that whenever they are explained they will be approved; yet as an accusation so complicated cannot be refuted, without a long recapitulation of past events, and a deduction of many particular circumstances, some of which may require evidence, and some a very minute explication, I cannot think this a proper day for engaging in a controversy, which it is my interest should be thoroughly discussed.

At present, Sir, I shall content myself with bare assertions like those by which I am accused, and hope they will not be heard with less attention or received with less credit. For surely it was never denied to any man to defend himself with the same weapons with which he is attacked. I shall therefore, Sir, make no scruple to assert, that the treasure of the public has been employed with the utmost frugality, to promote the purposes for which it was granted; that our foreign affairs have been transacted with the utmost fidelity, in pursuance of long consultations; and shall venture to add, that our success has not been such as ought to produce any suspicion of negligence or treachery.

That our design against Carthagena was defeated cannot be denied: but what war has been one continued series of success? In the late war with France, of which the conduct has been so lavishly celebrated, did no designs miscarry? If we conquered at Ramillies, were we not in our turn beaten at Almanza? If we destroyed the French ships, was it not always with some loss of our own? And since the sufferings of our merchants have been mentioned with so much acrimony, does not the list of ships taken in that war prove that the depredations of privateers cannot be entirely prevented?

The disappointment, Sir, of the public expectation by the return of the fleets, has been charged upon the Admi-

nistration as a crime too enormous to be mentioned without horror and detestation. That the Ministry have not the elements in their power, that they do not prescribe the course of the wind, is a sufficient proof of their negligence and weakness; with as much justice is it charged upon them, that the expectations of the populace, which they did not raise, and to which, perhaps, the conquest of a kingdom had not been equal, failed of being gratified.

I am very far from hoping or desiring that the House should be satisfied with a defence like this; I know, by observing the practice of the opponents of the Ministry, what fallacies may be concealed in general assertions, and am so far from wishing to evade a more strict inquiry, that if the gentleman who has thus publicly and confidently accused the Ministry, will name a day for inquiring into the state of the nation, though I think such an inquiry absolutely unnecessary, I will second his motion.

Mr. Phillips.

Sir,—I should be much surpised to hear the motion made by the honourable gentleman who spoke last but one opposed by any Member of this House: a motion founded in justice, supported by precedent, and warranted by necessity. Not only justice to the Nation, but justice to those that have been in the Administration, calls for an inquiry, that every man's actions may speak for him, and that censure may be confined to those only that have deserved it. Surely no innocent man can be under any apprehensions from the strictest examination of his conduct; those fears attend the guilty only.

The honourable gentleman who spoke last seems to think an inquiry unnecessary. I beg leave to ask, Will any gentleman in this house undertake to defend the measures that

have been pursued for twenty years past? Will any gentleman say, that the wretched condition we are in is the effect of chance only? Shall there be the least suspicion of mismanagement, and a British House of Commons not inquire into it? How much more at a time when the nation is reduced to the last extremity, by corrupt, weak, and pusillanimous measures? Shall the fatality which has attended every step of our conduct for so many years past infect this House also, and throw us into a lethargy? Surely, no. The voice of the nation calls for an inquiry: our credit abroad cannot be supported without it; and the reputation of every man in this House is nearly concerned in it. In vain shall we attempt to retrieve our lost honour by pursuing new measures, if we do not first censure and punish the authors of the old: in vain shall we attempt to gain allies, and to convince them that we are in earnest in the prosecution of the war against our enemies abroad, unless we first call those to an account that have been their secret abettors and encouragers at home.

If ever there was a cause for an inquiry into past transactions, it is now. Have not large sums of money been raised in times of peace, and no debts paid? large armies raised in times of war, and no services performed? Have we not negotiated ourselves out of all our allies, and all our credit? Treaty after treaty, convention after convention: and what did these all end in, but war? How has that war been conducted? Why, shamefully, scandalously, to the encouragement of the enemy, and the dishonour of the nation: large fleets fitted out to fight the seas only, and return shattered and torn to Spithead, while the enemy were every day seising our ships for want of cruizers and convoys, and neighbouring nations taking this advantage to supplant us in trade. A gallant Admiral was, indeed, sent to the West Indies, but sent too late, and not supported

when there: another was sent to the Mediterranean, but with what intent I know not, unless it was to cover an embarkation of Spanish troops for Italy.

Shall a British House of Commons not inquire into the causes of these things? They must; they will, Sir, or forfeit all the reputation they have hitherto gained. And if these *are* to be inquired into, what better method than by a select committee to be chosen by ballot? It is a parliamentary method that has been attended with good consequences to the nation, but fatal ones, indeed, to those that have made an abuse of power; and it is unaccountable to me, that any other but such, or those that have a mind to screen them, should make an opposition to it. For my own part, if it were the case of my brother, if he were innocent, I should think this the properest method to make that innocence appear; and if he were guilty, I should think it the greatest crime in me to endeavour to screen him from national justice; therefore I am most heartily for the motion.

All.—Motion! motion! motion!

IV. *A Parliamentary Debate, in the fourteenth Year of George II.* 1740, *on a bill for preventing Merchants from raising the Wages of Seamen in Time of War, and thereby inducing them to avoid his Majesty's Service.*

SPEAKERS.

Sir Charles Wager,	Mr. Pitt,
Mr. Fox,	Mr. Winnington,
Sir R. Walpole,	Mr. Horace Walpole,
Sir J. Barnard,	Mr. Lyttelton.

Sir Charles Wager.

Sir,—As there is a bill just brought into the House for the encouragement of seamen, and the more speedily manning the fleet, I rise to propose a clause, in which it may be enacted, that no merchants, or bodies corporate or politic, shall hire sailors at higher wages than thirty-five shillings for the month, on pain of forfeiting treble the value of the sum so agreed for; I propose also that this law may commence after fifteen days, and may continue for a time to be agreed upon by the House.

Sir, the necessity of this clause must be so apparent to every gentleman acquainted with naval and commercial affairs, that as no opposition can be apprehended, very few arguments will be necessary to introduce it.

How much the public calamities of war are improved by the sailors to their own private advantage, how generally they shun the public service in hopes of receiving exorbitant wages from the merchants, and how much they extort from the merchants, by threatening to leave their service for that of the Crown, is universally known by every officer of the navy, and every commander of a trading vessel.

A law, therefore, Sir, to restrain them in time of war from such exorbitant demands; to deprive them of those prospects, which have often no other effect than to lull them to idleness, while they skulk about in expectation of higher wages; and to hinder them from deceiving themselves, embarrassing the merchants, and neglecting the general interest of their country, is undoubtedly just. It is just, Sir, because, in regard to the public, it is necessary to prevent the greatest calamity that can fall upon a people, that of receiving laws from the most implacable of our enemies; and it is just, because, with respect to particular men, it has no tendency but to suppress idleness, fraud, and extortion.

Mr. Fox.

Sir,—I have no objection to any part of this clause, except the day proposed for the commencement: to make a law against any pernicious practice, to which there are strong temptations, and to give those, whose interest may incite them to it, time to effect their schemes before the law shall begin to operate, seems not very consistent either with wisdom or vigilance.

It is not denied, Sir, that the merchants are betrayed, by that regard to private interest which prevails too frequently over nobler views, to bribe away from the service of the Crown, by large rewards, those sailors whose assistance is now so necessary to the Public; and therefore it is not to be imagined that they will not employ their utmost diligence to improve the interval, which the Bill allows, in making contracts for the ensuing year, and that the sailors will not eagerly engage themselves before this law shall preclude their prospect of advantage.

As therefore to make no law, and to make a law that will not be observed, is in consequence the same; and as the time allowed by the clause, as it now stands, may make the

whole provision ineffectual, it is my opinion, that either it ought to begin to operate to-morrow, or that we ought to leave the whole affair in its present state.

Sir Robert Walpole.

Sir,—Nothing has a greater appearance of injustice, than to punish men by virtue of a law with which they are not acquainted; the law therefore is always supposed to be known by those who have offended it, because it is the duty of every man to know it; and certainly it ought to be the care of the Legislature, that those whom the law will affect may have a possibility of knowing it, and that those may not be punished for failing in their duty whom nothing but inevitable ignorance has betrayed into offence.

But if the operation of this law should commence to-morrow, what numbers may break it, and suffer for the breach of it involuntarily, and without design! and how shall we vindicate ourselves for having been accessary to the crime which we censure and punish?

Sir John Barnard.

Sir,—Notwithstanding the impatience and resentment with which some men see their mistakes and ignorance detected, notwithstanding the reverence which neglect and haste are said to be entitled to from this Assembly, I shall openly declare, without the apprehension of being confuted, that this bill was drawn up without consideration, and is defended without being understood; that after all the amendments which have been admitted, and all the additions proposed, it will be oppressive and ineffectual,—a chaos of absurdities and a monument of ignorance.

Sir Robert Walpole.

Sir,—The business of this Assembly is, to examine the cause before us; but to deviate from so necessary an

inquiry into loud acclamations against the whole bill, is to obstruct the course of the debate, to perplex our attention, and interrupt the Parliament in its deliberations upon questions, in the determination of which the Public is nearly concerned.

The war, Sir, in which we are now engaged, and I may add, engaged by the general request of the whole nation, can be prosecuted only by the assistance of the seamen, from whom it is not expected that they will sacrifice their immediate advantage to the security of their country. Public spirit, where it is to be found, is the result of reflection, refined by study, and exalted by education; and it is not to be hoped for amongst those whom low fortune has condemned to perpetual drudgery. It must therefore be necessary to supply the defect of education, and to produce, by salutary coercions, effects which it is in vain to expect from other causes.

That the service of the sailors will be set up to sale by auction, and that the merchants will bid against the government, is incontestable: nor is there any doubt that they will be able to offer the highest price, because they will take care to repay themselves by raising the value of their goods. Thus, without some restraint upon the merchants, our enemies, who are not deterred by their form of government from any method which policy can invent, or absolute power put in execution, will preclude all our designs, and set at defiance a nation superior to themselves.

Sir John Barnard.

Sir,—I think myself obliged by my duty to my country, and by my gratitude to those by whose industry we are enriched, and by whose courage we are defended, to make once more a declaration, not against particular clauses, not against single circumstances, but against the whole bill; a

bill unjust and oppressive, absurd and ridiculous; a bill to harass the industrious, and distress the honest, to puzzle the wise, and add power to the cruel; a bill which cannot be read without astonishment, nor passed without the violation of our constitution, and an equal disregard of policy, honesty, and humanity.

All these assertions will need to be proved only by a bare perusal of this hateful bill; by which the meanest, the most worthless reptile, exalted to a petty officer by serving a wretch only superior to him in fortune, is enabled to display his authority by tyrannizing over those who every hour deserve the public acknowledgment of the community, to intrude upon the retreats of brave men fatigued and exhausted by honest industry, to drag them out with all the wantonness of groveling authority, and chain them to the oar without a moment's respite, or perhaps oblige them to purchase with the gains of a dangerous voyage, or the plunder of an enemy lately conquered, a short interval to settle their affairs, or bid their children farewell.

Let any gentleman in this House,—let those, Sir, who now sit at ease, projecting laws of oppression, and conferring upon their own slaves such licentious authority, pause a few moments, and imagine themselves exposed to the same hardships by a power superior to their own; let them conceive themselves torn from the tenderness and caresses of their families, by midnight irruptions, dragged in triumph through the streets by a despicable officer, and placed under the command of those by whom they have perhaps been already insulted. Why should we imagine that the race of men, for whom these cruelties are preparing, have less sensibility than ourselves? Why should we believe that they will suffer without complaint, and be injured without resentment? Why should we conceive that they will not at once deliver themselves and punish their oppressors, by deserting

that country, where they are considered as felons, and laying hold on those rewards and privileges which no other government will deny them?

Mr. Pitt.

Sir,—It is common for those, who have the greatest regard to their own interest, to discover the least for that of others. I do not, therefore, despair of recalling the advocates of this bill from the prosecution of their favourite measures, by arguments of greater efficacy than those which are founded on reason and justice.

Nothing, Sir, is more evident, than that some degree of reputation is absolutely necessary to men who have any concern in the administration of a government like ours; they must either secure the fidelity of their adherents by the assistance of wisdom, or of virtue; their enemies must either be awed by their honesty, or terrified by their cunning. Mere artless bribery will never gain a sufficient majority to set them entirely free from apprehensions of censure. To different tempers different motives must be applied: some, who place their attachment to a leader because he is accounted wise, care but very little about his character for honesty. Others may be persuaded to join in measures, which they easily discover to be weak and ill-concerted, because they are convinced that the authors of them are not corrupt, but mistaken; and are unwilling that any man should be punished for natural defects, or casual ignorance.

I cannot say, Sir, which of these motives influences the advocates of the bill before us; a bill, in which such cruelties are proposed as are yet unknown amongst the most savage nations, such as slavery has not yet borne, or tyranny invented, such as cannot be heard without resentment, nor thought of without horror.

It is, Sir, perhaps not unfortunate, that one more expedient has been added, rather ridiculous than shocking; and that these tyrants of the administration,—who amuse themselves with oppressing their fellow-subjects, who add without reluctance one hardship to another, invade the liberty of those whom they have already overborne with taxes, first plunder, then imprison, who take all opportunities of heightening the public distresses, and make the miseries of war the instruments of new oppressions,—are too ignorant to be formidable, and owe their power, not to their abilities, but to casual prosperity, or to the influence of money.

The other clauses of this bill, complicated at once with cruelty and folly, have been treated with becoming indignation; but this may be considered with less ardour and resentment, and fewer emotions of zeal, because, though perhaps equally iniquitous, it will do no harm; for a law that never can be executed, can never be felt.

That it will consume the manufacture of paper, and swell the books of statutes, is all the good or hurt that can be hoped or feared from a law like this; a law which fixes what is in its own nature mutable, which prescribes rules to the seasons, and limits to the wind.

I am too well acquainted, Sir, with the disposition of its two chief supporters, to mention the contempt with which this law will be treated by posterity; for they have already shown abundantly their disregard of succeeding generations: but I will remind them, that they are now venturing their whole interest at once; and hope they will recollect, before it is too late, that those who believe them to intend the happiness of their country, will never be confirmed in their opinion by open cruelty and notorious oppression; and that those who have only their own interest in view, will be afraid of adhering to those leaders, however old and practised in expedients, however strengthened by corruption, or

elated with power, who have shown so small a portion either of virtue or abilities.

Sir Robert Walpole.

Sir,—Every law which extends its influence to great numbers, in various relations and circumstances, must produce some consequences that were never foreseen or intended, and is to be censured or applauded as the general advantages or inconveniences are found to preponderate. Of this kind is the law before us; a law, enforced by the necessity of our affairs, and drawn up with no other intention than to secure the public happiness, and produce that success which every man's interest must prompt him to desire.

If in the execution of this law, Sir, some inconveniences should arise, they are to be remedied as fast as they are discovered; or, if not capable of a remedy, to be patiently borne in consideration of the general advantage.

That some temporary disturbances may be produced is not impossible; the discontent of the sailors may for a short time rise high, and our trade be suspended by their obstinacy; but obstinacy, however determined, must yield to hunger; and when no higher wages can be obtained, they will cheerfully accept of those which are allowed them. Short voyages, indeed, are not comprehended in the clause; and therefore the sailors will engage in them upon their own terms; but this objection can be of no weight with those who oppose the clause, because, if it is unjust to limit the wages of the sailors, it is just to leave those voyages without restriction; and those that think the expedient here proposed equitable and rational, may, perhaps, be willing to make some concessions to those who are of a different opinion.

That the bill will not remove every obstacle to success, nor add weight to one part of the balance without making the other higher, that it will not supply the navy without

incommoding the merchants in some degree, that it may sometimes be evaded by cunning, and sometimes abused by malice, and that at last it will be less efficacious than is desired, may perhaps be proved; but it has not yet been proved that any other measures are more eligible, or that we are not to promote the public service as far as we are able, though our endeavours may not produce effects equal to our wishes.

Sir John Barnard.

Sir,—I know not by what fatality it is, that nothing can be urged in defence of the clause before us, which does not tend to discover its weakness and inefficacy. The warmest patrons of this expedient are impelled, by the mere force of conviction, to such concessions as invalidate all their arguments, and leave their opponents no necessity of replying.

If short voyages are not comprehended in this provision, what are we now controverting? What but the expedience of a law that will never be executed? The sailors, however they are contemned by those who only think them worthy to be treated like beasts of burden, are not yet so stupid, but that they can easily find out, that to serve a fortnight for greater wages is more eligible than to toil a month for less; and as the numerous equipments that have lately been made have not left many more sailors in the service of the merchants than may be employed in the coasting trade, those who traffic to remoter parts must shut up their books and wait till the expiration of this act for an opportunity of renewing their commerce.

To regulate the wages for one voyage, and to leave another without limitation in time of scarcity for seamen, is absolutely to prohibit that trade which is so restrained, and is doubtless a more effectual embargo than has yet been invented.

Let any man but suppose, that the East India Company were obliged to give only half the wages that other traders allow, and consider how that part of our commerce could be carried on. Would not their goods rot in their warehouses and their ships lie for ever in their harbour? Would not the sailors refuse to contract with them; or desert them after a contract, upon the first prospect of more advantageous employment?

But it is not necessary to multiply arguments in a question which perhaps may not be decided without long examination, but in which we may determine our conclusions by the experience of our ancestors. Scarcely any wrong or right are without a precedent, and often discover what the most enlightened reason failed to foresee.

Let us therefore improve the errors of our ancestors to our own advantage; and whilst we neglect to imitate their virtues, let us at least forbear to repeat their follies.

Mr. Horace Walpole.

Sir,—I was unwilling to interrupt the course of this debate, while it was carried on with calmness and decency, by men who do not suffer the ardour of opposition to cloud their reason, or transport them to such expressions as the dignity of this Assembly does not admit. I have hitherto deferred to answer the gentleman who declaimed against the bill with such fluency and rhetoric, and such vehemence of gesture; who charged the advocates for the expedients now proposed with having no regard to any interest but their own, and with making laws only to consume paper; and threatened them with the defection of their adherents, and the loss of their influence, upon this new discovery of their folly and their ignorance.

Nor, Sir, do I now answer him for any other purpose, than to remind him how little the clamour of rage, and

petulancy of invective, contribute to the purpose for which this assembly is called together; how little the discovery of truth is promoted, and the security of the nation established, by pompous diction and theatrical emotion.

Formidable sounds, and furious declamation, confident assertion, and lofty periods, may affect the young and unexperienced; and perhaps the gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory by conversing more with those of his own age, than with such as have had more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments.

If the heat of his temper, Sir, would suffer him to attend to those, whose age and long acquaintance with business give them an indisputable right to deference and superiority, he would learn in time to reason rather than declaim, and to prefer justness of argument, and an accurate knowledge of facts, to sounding epithets and splendid superlatives, which may disturb the imagination for a moment, but leave no lasting impression on the mind.

He will learn, Sir, that to accuse and prove are very different; and that reproaches, unsupported by evidence, effect only the character of him that utters them. Excursions of fancy and flights of oratory are indeed pardonable in young men, but in no other; and it would surely contribute more, even to the purpose for which some gentlemen appear to speak, (that of depreciating the conduct of administration,) to prove the inconveniences and injustice of this bill, than barely to assert them, with whatever magnificence of language, or appearance of zeal, honesty, or compassion.

Mr. Pitt.

Sir,—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has with such spirit and

decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience.

Whether youth can be attributed to any man as a reproach, I will not, Sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appear to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch that, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey head should secure him from insults.

Much more, Sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth, Sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and the adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, Sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though I may perhaps have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience.

But, if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment which he deserves. I shall on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves, nor shall any thing but age restrain my resentment; age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

But with regard, Sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure: the heat that offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery.—I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villainy, and whoever may partake of his plunder. And if the honourable gentleman———

Mr. Winnington, (*Calling to order.*)

Sir,—It is necessary that the order of this Assembly be observed, and that the debate be resumed without personal altercations. Such expressions as have been vented on this occasion become not a House intrusted with the liberty and welfare of the country. To interrupt the debate, a debate on a subject so important as that before us, is, in some measure, to obstruct the public business, and violate our trust; but much more heinous is the crime of exposing our determinations to contempt, and inciting the people to suspicion or mutiny by indecent reflections, or unjust insinuations.

I do not, Sir, undertake to decide the controversy between the two gentlemen; but must be allowed to observe, that no diversity of opinion can justify the violation of decency, and the use of rude and violent expressions.—expressions dictated only by resentment, and uttered without regard to———

Mr. Pitt.

Sir,—If this is to observe order, there is no danger of indecency from the most licentious tongue; for what calumny can be more atrocious, or what reproach more severe, than that of speaking with regard to any thing but truth? Order may sometimes be broken by passion or inadvertency, but will hardly be re-established by a monitor like this, who, whilst he is restraining the impetuosity of others, cannot govern his own.

Happy, Sir, would it be for mankind, if every one knew his own province; we should not then see the same man at once a criminal and a judge; nor would this gentleman assume the right of dictating to others, what he has not learnt himself.

That I may return in some degree the favour which he intends me, I will advise him never hereafter to exert himself on the subject of order; but whenever he finds himself inclined to speak on such occasions, to remember how he has now succeeded, and condemn in silence what his censures will never reform.

Mr. Winnington.

Sir,—As I was hindered by the gentleman's ardour and impetuosity from concluding my sentence, none but myself can know the equity or partiality of my intentions; and therefore, as I cannot justly be condemned, I ought to

be supposed innocent; nor ought he to censure a fault, of which he cannot be certain that it would have been committed.

He has indeed exalted himself to a degree of authority never yet assumed by any Member of this House, that of condemning others to silence. I am henceforward, by his inviolable decree, to sit and hear his harangues, without daring to oppose him. How wide he may extend his authority I shall not determine, having not yet arrived at the same degree of sagacity with himself, not being able to foreknow what another is going to pronounce.

If I had given offence by any improper sallies of passion, I ought to have been censured by the concurrent voices of the House, or have received a reprimand, Sir, from you, to whom I should have submitted without opposition; but I will not be doomed to silence by one who has no pretensions to authority, or whose arbitrary decisions can only tend to introduce uproar, discord, and confusion.

Mr. Lyttelton.

Sir,—No man can be more zealous for decency than myself, or more convinced of the necessity of a methodical prosecution of the question before us. I am well convinced how near indecency and faction are to one another, and how inevitably confusion produces obscurity: but I hope it will always be remembered, that he who first infringes decency, or deviates from method, is to answer for all the consequences that may arise from the neglect of parliamentary customs. For it is not to be expected, that any man will bear reproaches without reply, or that he, who wanders from the question, will not be followed in his digressions, and hunted through his labyrinths.

It cannot, Sir, be denied, that some insinuations were uttered injurious to those whose zeal may sometimes happen to prompt them to warm declarations, or to incite them to passionate emotions. Whether I am of importance enough to be included in the censure, I despise it too much to inquire or consider, but cannot forbear to observe that zeal for the right can never be reproachful, and that no man can justly fall into contempt but he who deserves it.

PART II.

DECLAMATION.

I. *The Speech of Brutus on the Death of Cæsar.*

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for my honour; and have respect to my honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus arose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended.——I pause for a reply.——

None?——then none have I offended.——I have done no more to Cæsar than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences inforced, for which he suffered death.——

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

II. *Douglas to Lord Randolph.*

My name is *Norval:* on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flock;—a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord;
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon which rose last night, round as my shield,
Had not yet fill'd her horns, when by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took; then hasted to my friends,
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,

An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
That our good King had summon'd his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps:——
Yon trembling coward who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers,
And, Heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

III. *Othello's Apology.*

Most potent, grave, and reverend Signors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true: true, I have married her.
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For, since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with.————
Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;

Still question'd me the story of my life
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have past.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes in th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts wild,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heav'n,
It was my hint to speak.—All these to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline.
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not distinctively. I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.
She said, in truth, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful———
She wish'd she had not heard it———yet she wish'd
That Heav'n had made her such a man:—she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,

And that would woo her. On this hint I spake.
She lov'd me for the dangers I had past;
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft that I have used.

IV. *The Bishop of Carlisle's Speech in Defence of King Richard II.*

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would Heav'n that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobleness would
Teach him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on a king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forbid it, Heav'n,
That in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by Heaven thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy——
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and Infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,

Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
Oh! if you rear this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest children's children cry against you—wo!

V. *Lord Clifford's Speech in Henry VI.*

My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beasts that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck in safeguard to their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown;
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him;
Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young:
And, though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
Which sometimes they have used in fearful flight)
Make war with them that climb'd into their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege; make them your precedent

Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birth-right by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child——
What my great-grand grandfather and grand sire got,
My careless father fondly gave away?
Ah! what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,
To hold thy own, and leave thy own to him.

VI. *Greatness and Sublimity of the Imagination.*

Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limits of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal pow'rs,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His gen'rous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast;
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfalt'ring, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
Th' applauding smile of Heav'n? Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? Wherefore darts the mind,
With such resistless ardour, to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the gross controul of wilful might;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;

Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To Heav'n's broad fire his unconstrained view
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his lab'ring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon to survey
The Nile or Ganges roll his wasteful tide
Thro' mountains, plains, thro' empires black with shade,
And continents of sand, will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heav'n-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air: pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the volley'd lightning through the heav'ns;
Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and hov'ring round the sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd,
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invests the orient. Now amaz'd she views
Th' empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold
Beyond this concave heav'n their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
Ev'n on the barriers of the world untir'd,

She meditates th' eternal depth below;
Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fatal goal. For, from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Pow'r's purple robes, nor pleasure's flow'ry lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all th' ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear
And infinite perfection close the scene.

VII. *The Pleasures arising from Novelty.*

Call now to mind what high capacious pow'rs
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praise of mortals may th' eternal growth
Of nature, to perfection half divine
Expand the blooming soul. What pity then
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
Her tender blossom; choak the streams of life,
And blast her spring! Far otherwise design'd
Almighty wisdom; nature's happy cares
Th' obedient heart far otherwise incline.
Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active pow'r
To brisker measures: witness the neglect
Of all familiar prospects, though beheld
With transport once; the fond attentive gaze
Of young astonishment; the sober zeal
Of age commenting on prodigious things.

For such the bounteous providence of Heav'n,
In every breast implanting this desire
Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to pursue
Those sacred stores that wake the rip'ning soul,
In truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words
To paint its pow'r? For this, the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove; the pensive sage,
Heedless of sleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the sickly taper; and untired
The virgin follows, with enchanted step,
The mazes of some wild and wondrous tale,
From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
The wishes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence, finally, by night
The village-matron round the blazing hearth
Suspends th' infant-audience with her tales,
Breathing astonishment! of witching rhimes,
And evil spirits; of the death-bed call
To him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion: of unquiet souls
Ris'n from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of shapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the murd'rer's bed.
At every solemn pause the crowd recoil,
Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd
With shiv'ring sighs: till, eager for th' event,
Around the beldame all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.

VIII. *The Scale of Animal Existence, from Insects to Man.*

Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental, powr's ascends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race
From the green myriads in the peopled grass;
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam;
Of smell, the headlong lioness between
And hound sagacious on the tainted green;
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood;
The spider's touch how exquisitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line;
In the nice bee what sense, so subtly true,
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew:
How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine:
Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier;
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near;
Remembrance and reflection how ally'd;
What thin partitions thought from sense divide,
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass the insuperable line.
Without this just gradation could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these pow'rs in one?

IX. *Social Duties arising from the Nature of Man.*

God in the nature of each being founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds:
But as he framed a Whole, the Whole to bless,
On mutual Wants built mutual Happiness;
So from the first eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps,
Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Another's happiness becomes its own.
Nor does this happiness with time decrease,
They love themselves a third time in their race:
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend;
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend;
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the instinct and there ends the care;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds another race.
A longer care man's helpless kind demands;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands:
Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the int'rest and the love;
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn;
Each virtue in each passion takes its turn;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.

Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those;
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
Memory and forecast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope combin'd,
Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

X. *On Taste. Its Universality and Diversity.*

Say, what is taste? but the internal pow'rs,
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse; a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd or disarrang'd or gross
In species! This nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
But God alone, when first his active hand
Imprints the sacred biass of the soul.
He, mighty Parent! wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heav'n,
Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain,
Who journeys homeward from a summer-day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gleaming, as through amber clouds,
O'er all the western sky? Full soon, I ween,
His rude expression and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the pow'r of language, will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart,—
How lovely! how commanding! But though Heav'n
In every breast hath sown these early seeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,

Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
Without enliv'ning suns, and genial show'rs,
And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harvest promis'd in its spring.
Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
Repay the tiller's labour, or attend
His will, obsequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel: diff'rent minds
Incline to diff'rent objects: one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning fires
The arch of Heav'n, and thunders rock the ground;
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from its lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks abroad
From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs,
All on the margin of some flow'ry stream,
To spread his careless limbs amid the cool
Of plantain shades, and to the list'ning deer
The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain
Resounds, soft-warbling, all the live-long day:
Consenting Zephyr sighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and so various are the tastes of men.

XI. *Chorus to the First Act of Henry V.*

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars, and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire
Crouch for employment. But, pardon, Gentles all,
The flat unraised spirit that hath dar'd
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object. Can this Cock-pit hold
The vasty field of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O, the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O pardon, since a crooked figure may
Attest, in little place, a million;
And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies;
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' th' receiving earth.
For, 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning th' accomplishment of many years

Into an hour-glass; for the which supply
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

XII. *Chorus to the Second Act of Henry V.*

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian Kings
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilt unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault: France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which she fills
With treach'rous crowns: and three corrupted men,
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge; and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Marsham; and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, Knight of Northumberland;

Have for the guilt of France (O, guilt indeed!)
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France:
And by their hands this race of Kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France. Then in Southampton
Linger your patience on, and well digest
Th' abuse of distance, while we force a play.
The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
The King is set from London, and the scene
Is now transported, Gentles, to Southampton.
There is the play-house now, there must you sit,
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back: charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.

XIII. *Henry the Fifth's Detection and Condemnation of Treason.*

The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare for shame to talk of mercy,
For your own reasons turn upon your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my Princes and my noble Peers,
These English monsters! My Lord Cambridge here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton. To the which

This Knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O!
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop! thou cruel,
Ungrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my councils,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use?
May it be possible that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,
That though the truth of it stand off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it,
Oh how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! I will weep for thee,
For this revolt of thine me thinks is like
Another fall of man——But hear your sentence:
You have conspir'd against our royal person;
Join'd with an enemy; and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death:
Wherein you would have sold your King to slaughter;
His Princes and his Peers to servitude;
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Go therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death;
The taste whereof God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dire offences. Bear them hence.

XIV. *Rumour painted full of Tongues.*

Open your ears: for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the Orient to the drooping West,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth.
Upon my tongue continual slanders ride,
The which in ev'ry language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports:
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world;
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence,
While the big ear, swoll'n with some other griefs,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe,
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant, wav'ring multitude
Can play upon it. The posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me. From Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.

XV. *Chorus to the Third Act of Henry V.*

Thus, with imagin'd wing, our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed King at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet

With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.
Play with your fancies: and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. O! do but think
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on th' inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow;
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Or past or not arrived to pith and puissance:
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege:
Behold the ordnance on their carriages
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose th' ambassador from France comes back,
Tells Harry, that the King doth offer him
Katharine, his daughter, and with her to dowry
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms:
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With lynstock now the devilish cannon touches,
And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.

XVI. *Virtue not only our Duty, but our highest Interest.*

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to some mysterious use;
Though each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the Virtue or begins the Vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.
Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere Mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of Sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health consists with Temperance alone;
And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But these lest taste them, as they worse obtain:
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means or right;
Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all th' advantage prosp'rous Vice attains
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.
Oh, blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy Bliss to Vice, to Virtue Woe!

Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools alone the Good unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the just!
See god-like TURENNE prostrate on the dust!
See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial strife!
Was this their Vĭrtue, or contempt of Life?
Say, was it Virtue, Heav'n so largely gave,
Lamented DIGBY! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire?
Why drew Marseilles' good Bishop purer breath,
When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me?

XVII. *The Miseries of Royalty.*

O hard condition, and twin-born with greatness,
Subject to breath of ev'ry fool, whose sense
No more can feel but his own wringing.
What infinite heart-ease must Kings neglect,
That private men enjoy? and what have Kings
That privates have not too, save ceremony!
And what art thou, thou idle ceremony?
What kind of God art thou? that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers;
What are thy rents? What are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth:
What is thy soul of adoration;
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,

Than they in fearing?
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee
Command the health of it?—no, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a King's repose,
I am a King that find thee: and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the King,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world;
No, not all these thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who, with a body fill'd and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread:
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus; and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave:
And (but for ceremony) such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights of sleep,
Hath the fore-hand and 'vantage of a King:
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots

What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace;
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

XVIII. *The Folly of Procrastination.*

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are *about to live;*"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They, one day, shall not drivel; and their pride,
On this reversion, takes up ready praise:
At least their own, their future selves applaud;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodg'd in their own hands is Folly's vails;
That lodg'd in Fate's, to wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone,
'Tis not in Folly not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human Wisdom to do more.
All Promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through ev'ry stage. When young, indeed,
In full content, we sometimes nobly rest,
Un-anxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve

In all the magnanimity of thought,
Resolves, and re-resolves: then dies the same.
And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves:
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where past the shaft, no trace is found.
As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

XIX. *Glocester's Speech to the Nobles.*

Brave Peers of England, pillars of the State,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people in the wars;
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance;
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, and Salisbury, victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath my uncle Beaufort, and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm
Studied so long, sat in the council-house

Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And was his Highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our council, die?
O, Peers of England! shameful is this league,
Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been.

XX. *Morning Hymn of Adam and Eve.*

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair! thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heav'ns,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heav'n,
On earth, join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn

With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise:
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That, singing, up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,

To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

XXI. *The Speech of Belial dissuading from War.*

I should be much for open war, O peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urg'd
Main reason to persuade immediate war
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels, and in what excels,
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? The tow'rs of Heav'n are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable: oft on the bord'ring deep
Encamp their legions: or, with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise: or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heav'n's purest light; yet our great enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted; and th' ethereal mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope

Is flat despair; we must exasperate
Th' almighty victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us; that must be our cure,
To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows
(Let this be good) whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel war; we are decreed,
Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What, when we fled amain, pursu'd and struck
With Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds! or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awak'd, should blow them into sev'nfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? What if all
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,

Impendent horrors, threat'ning hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,
Ages of hopeless end! this would be worse.
War, therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades.

XXII. *The Youth and the Philosopher.*

A Grecian Youth of talents rare,
Whom Plato's philosophic care
Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,
Would often boast his matchless skill
To curb the steed and guide the wheel;
And as he pass'd the gazing throng,
With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,
The idiot wonder they express'd
Was praise and transport to his breast.
At length quite vain, he needs would show
His master what his art could do;
And bade his slaves the chariot lead
To Academus' sacred shade.
The trembling grove confess'd its fright;
The wood-nymphs started at the sight;
The Muses dropp'd the learned lyre,
And to their inmost shades retire.

Howe'er, the youth, with forward air,
Bows to the sage and mounts the car;
The lash resounds, the coursers spring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring;
And gath'ring crowds, with eager eyes
And shouts, pursue him as he flies.
Triumphant to the goal return'd,
With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd;
And now along th' indented plain
The self-same track he marks again,
Pursues with care the nice design,
Nor ever deviates from the line.
Amazement seiz'd the circling crowd;
The youths with emulation glow'd:
Ev'n bearded sages hail'd the boy,
And all but Plato gaz'd with joy.
For he, deep-judging sage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field:
And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye,
Alas! unhappy youth, he cry'd,
Expect no praise from me, (and sigh'd.)
With indignation I survey
Such skill and judgment thrown away
The time profusely squander'd there
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
If well employ'd, at less expense,
Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense,
And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate,
To govern men and guide the state.

XXIII. *Prologue to Cato.*

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius and to mend the heart,
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be—what they behold,
For this the tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age:
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And (foes to virtue) wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love:
In pitying love, we but our weakness show;
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state!
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;

As her dead father's rev'rend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,
The triumph ceas'd—tears gush'd from ev'ry eye,
The world's great victor past unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
Britons, attend: Be worth like this approv'd,
And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.

XXIV. *Cato's Senate.*

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council.
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharsalia gave him Rome: Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Libya's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: are they still fix'd
To hold it out and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
By time and ill success to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.

Sempronius. My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slav'ry or death?
No; let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And at the head of our remaining troops,

Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise; 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate; the corpse of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here delib'rating in cold debates
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up, for shame! Our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us!

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides:
All else is tow'ring phrensy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
In Rome's defence entrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reason say,
We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Lucius. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows, and with orphans; Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half-unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to sheathe the sword, and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,

The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge, and wild despair,)
Were to refuse th' awards of providence,
And not to rest in heav'n's determination.
Already have we shown our love to Rome;
Now let us show submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no further use: our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood,
Unprofitably shed; what men could do
Is done already: heav'n and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

Semp. 'This smooth discourse, and mild behaviour, oft
Conceal a traitor——Something whispers me
All is not right——Cato, beware of Lucius.

Cato. Let us appear not rash nor diffident;
Immod'rate valour swells into a fault:
And fear, admitted into public counsels,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desp'rate: we have bulwarks round us:
Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Afric's heats, and season'd to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young Prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the gods;
But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out

In its full length, and spin it to the last.
So shall we gain still one day's liberty;
And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter Marcus.

Marc. Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gate,
Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arriv'd
From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight: he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

Cato. By your permission, fathers, bid him enter.
Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.
His message may determine our resolves.

Enter Decius.

Dec. Cæsar sends health to Cato———

Cato. Cou'd he send it
To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the Senate?

Dec. My business is with Cato; Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Wou'd he save Cato, bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this: and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
Her gen'rals and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urg'd forbid it.

Dec. Cato, I've orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend.
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar.
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

Cato. No more:
I must not think of life on such conditions.

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
Bid him do this and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom.—

Cato. Nay more, though Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar; he's a friend to virtue.

Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate;
You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato. Let him consider that, who drives us hither.

'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him:
Didst thou but view him right, thou'd'st see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes,
That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'st on me as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But as I love my country, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar!

Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his gen'rous cares and proffer'd friendship?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten power,
By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man. You rush on your destruction:
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears.

XXV. *Orestes delivering his Embassy to Pyrrhus.*

Before I speak the message of the Greeks,
Permit me, Sir, to glory in the title
Of their Embassador; since I behold
Troy's vanquisher, and great Achilles' son.
Nor does the son rise short of such a father:

If Hector fell by him, Troy fell by you.
But what your father never would have done,
You do. You cherish the remains of Troy;
And, by an ill-timed pity, keep alive
The dying embers of a ten-years' war.
Have you so soon forgot the mighty Hector?
The Greeks remember his high-brandish'd sword
That fill'd their states with widows and with orphans;
For which they call for vengeance on his son.
Who knows what he may one day prove? Who knows
But he may brave us in our ports; and, fill'd
With Hector's fury, set our fleets on blaze?
You may yourself live to repent your mercy.
Comply, then, with the Grecians' just demands:
Satiate their vengeance, and preserve yourself.

Pyr. The Greeks are for my safety more concern'd
Than I desire. I thought your kings were met
On more important counsel. When I heard
The name of their embassador, I hop'd
Some glorious enterprise was taking birth.
Is Agamemnon's son dispatch'd for this?
And do the Grecian chiefs, renown'd in war,
A race of heroes, join in close debate
To plot an infant's death?—What right has Greece
To ask his life? Must I, must I alone,
Of all her scepter'd warriors, be deny'd
To treat my captive as I please? Know, Prince,
When Troy lay smoking on the ground, and each
Proud victor shar'd the harvest of the war,
Andromache, and this her son, were mine;
Were mine by lot; and who shall wrest them from me?
Ulysses bore away old Priam's queen;
Cassandra was your own great father's prize:
Did I concern myself in what they won?

Did I send embassies to claim their captives?
Orest. But, Sir, we fear for you and for ourselves
Troy may again revive, and a new Hector
Rise in Astyanax. Then think betimes ——
Pyr. Let dastard souls be timorously wise;
But tell them, Pyrrhus knows not how to form
Far fancy'd ills, and dangers out of sight.
Orest. Sir, call to mind the unrivall'd strength of Troy;
Her walls, her bulwarks, and her gates of brass,
Her kings, her heroes, and embattled armies!
Pyr. I call them all to mind; and see them all
Confus'd in dust; all mix'd in one wide ruin;
All but a child, and he in bondage held.
What vengeance can we fear from such a Troy?
If they have sworn to extinguish Hector's race,
Why was their vow for twelve long months deferr'd?
Why was he not in Priam's bosom slain?
He should have fall'n among the slaughter'd heaps
Whelm'd under Troy. His death had then been just,
When age and infancy alike in vain
Pleaded their weakness; when the heat of conquest,
And horrors of the fight, rous'd all our rage,
And blindly hurry'd us through scenes of death.
My fury then was without bounds: but now,
My wrath appeas'd, must I be cruel still,
And, deaf to all the tender calls of pity,
Like a cool murderer, bathe my hands in blood—
An infant's blood?—No, Prince—Go, bid the Greeks
Mark out some other victim; my revenge
Has had its fill. What has escap'd from Troy
Shall not be sav'd to perish in Epirus.
Orest. I need not tell you, Sir, Astyanax
Was doom'd to death in Troy; nor mention how
The crafty mother sav'd her darling son:

The Greeks do now but urge their former sentence:
Nor is't the boy, but Hector they pursue;
The father draws their vengeance on the son:
The father, who so oft in Grecian blood
Has drench'd his sword: the father, whom the Greeks
May seek even here——Prevent them, Sir, in time.

Pyr. No! let them come; since I was born to wage
Eternal wars. Let them now turn their arms
On him who conquer'd for them: let them come,
And in Epirus seek another Troy.
'Twas thus they recompens'd my godlike sire;
Thus was Achilles thank'd. But, Prince, remember
Their black ingratitude then cost them dear.

Orest. Shall Greece then find a rebel son in Pyrrhus?

Pyr. Have I then conquer'd to depend on Greece?

Orest. Hermione will sway your soul to peace,
And mediate 'twixt her father and yourself:
Her beauty will enforce my embassy.

Pyr. Hermione may have her charms, and I
May love her still, tho' not her father's slave.
I may in time give proofs that I am a lover;
But never must forget that I am a king.
Meanwhile, Sir, you may see fair Helen's daughter:
I know how near in blood you stand ally'd.
That done, you have my answer, Prince. The Greeks,
No doubt, expect your quick return.

XXVI. *King Henry and Lord Chief Justice.*

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

K. Henry. No! might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
Th' immediate heir of England! was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And in th' administration of his law,
While I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your Highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the King whom I presented,
And struck me in the very seat of judgment:
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person;
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your working in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts; make the case yours;
Be now the father, and propose a son;
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd;
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted;
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd,
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power so silencing your son.
After this cold consid'rance, sentence me;
And, as you are a King, speak in your state,
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my Liege's sovereignty.

K. Henry. You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:

And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you and obey you, as I did:
So shall I live, to speak my father's words:
Happy am I, that have a man so bold
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And no less happy having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hand of justice——You committed me;
For which I do commit into your hand
The unstain'd sword that you have us'd to bear;
With this rememb'rance, that you use the same
With a like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand,
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear:
And I will stoop, and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd wise directions.

XXVII. *The Speech of Nicholaus, the Old Syracusan, against putting the Athenian Generals to Death.*

You here behold an unfortunate father, who has felt more than any other Syracusan the fatal effects of this war by the death of two sons, who formed all his consolation, and were the only support of his old age. I cannot, indeed, forbear admiring their courage and felicity, in sacrificing to their country's welfare a life of which they would one day have been deprived by the common course of nature; but then I cannot but be strongly affected with the cruel wound which their death has made in my heart, nor forbear hating and detesting the Athenians, the authors of this unhappy war, as the murderers

of my children. I cannot, however, conceal one circumstance, which is, that I am less sensible of my private affliction than of the honour of my country; and I see it exposed to eternal infamy by the barbarous advice which is now given you. The Athenians, indeed, merit the worst treatment, and every kind of punishment that can be inflicted on them, for so unjustly declaring war against us; but have not the gods, the just avengers of crimes, punished them, and revenged us, sufficiently? When their generals laid down their arms and surrendered, did they not do this in hopes of having their lives spared? And if we put them to death, will it be possible for us to avoid the just reproach of our having violated the laws of nations, and dishonoured our victory by an unheard-of cruelty? How! will you suffer your glory to be thus sullied in the face of the whole world, and have it said, that a nation, who first dedicated a temple in their city to Clemency, had not found any in yours? Surely, victories and triumphs do not give immortal glory to a city; but the exercising of mercy towards a vanquished enemy, the using of moderation in the greatest prosperity, and fearing to offend the gods by haughty and insolent pride. You doubtless have not forgot that this Nicias, whose fate you are going to pronounce, was the very man who pleaded your cause in the assembly of the Athenians, and employed all his credit, and the whole power of his eloquence, to dissuade his country from embarking in this war; should you therefore pronounce sentence of death on this worthy general, would it be a just reward for the zeal he showed for your interest? With regard to myself, death would be less grievous to me than the sight of so horrid an injustice committed by my countrymen and fellow-citizens.

XXVIII. *Demosthenes to the Athenians, against Philip.*

Had we been convened, Athenians, on some new subject of debate, I had waited until most of the usual persons had declared their opinions. If I had approved of any thing proposed by them, I should have continued silent: if not, I had then attempted to speak my sentiments. But since those very points, on which these speakers have oftentimes been heard already, are at this time to be considered; though I have risen first, I presume I may expect your pardon; for if they on former occasions had advised the necessary measures, you would not have found it needful to consult at present.

First then, Athenians! these our affairs must not be thought desperate; no, though their situation seems entirely deplorable. For the most shocking circumstance of all our past conduct is really the most favourable to our future expectations. And what is this? That our own total indolence hath been the cause of all our present difficulties. For were we thus distressed, in spite of every vigorous effort which the honour of our state demanded, there were then no hope of a recovery.

In the next place, reflect (you who have been informed by others, and you who can yourselves remember) how great a power the Lacedæmonians not long since possessed; and with what resolution, with what dignity, you disdained to act unworthy of the state, but maintained the war against them for the rights of Greece. Why do I mention these things? That you may know, that you may see, Athenians, that, if duly vigilant, you can have nothing to fear; that, if once remiss, nothing can happen agreeable to your desires; witness the then powerful arms of Lacedæmon, which a just attention to your interests enabled you to

vanquish: and this man's late insolent attempt, which our insensibility to all our great concerns hath made the cause of this confusion.

If there is a man in this assembly who thinks that we must find a formidable enemy in Philip, while he views on one hand the numerous armies which surround him, and on the other the weakness of the State thus despoiled of its dominions, he thinks justly. Yet let him reflect on this: there was a time, Athenians! when we possessed Pydna, and Potidæa, and Methone, and all that country round; when many of the States now subjected to him were free and independent, and more inclined to our alliance than to his. Had then Philip reasoned in the same manner, "How "shall I dare to attack the Athenians, whose garrisons "command my territory, while I am destitute of all assist-"ance!" he would not have engaged in those enterprises which are now crowned with success; nor could he have raised himself to this pitch of greatness. No, Athenians! he knew this well, that all these places are but prizes, laid between the combatants, and ready for the conqueror: that the dominions of the absent devolve naturally to those who are in the field; the possessions of the supine to the active and intrepid. Animated by those sentiments, he overturns whole nations; he holds all people in subjection: some, by the right of conquest; others, under the title of allies and confederates: for all are willing to confederate with those whom they see prepared and resolved to exert themselves as they ought.

And if you, my countrymen! will now at length be persuaded to entertain the like sentiments: if each of you, renouncing all evasions, will be ready to approve himself a useful citizen, to the utmost that his station and abilities demand: if the rich will be ready to contribute, and the young to take the field: in one word, if you will be

yourselves, and banish those vain hopes which every single person entertains, that while so many others are engaged in public business, his service will not be required; you then (if Heaven so pleases) will regain your dominions, recall those opportunities your supineness hath neglected, and chastise the insolence of this man. For you are not to imagine that, like a god, he is to enjoy his present greatness for ever, fixed and unchangeable. No, Athenians! there are, who hate him, who fear him, who envy him, even among those seemingly the most attached to his cause. These are passions common to mankind: nor must we think that his friends only are exempted from them. It is true they lie concealed, at present, as our indolence deprives them of all resource. But let us shake off this indolence! for you see how we are situated; you see the outrageous arrogance of this man, who does not leave it to your choice whether you shall act, or remain quiet; but braves you with his menaces; and talks (as we are informed) in a strain of the highest extravagance: and is not able to rest satisfied with his present acquisitions, but is ever in pursuit of farther conquests; and, while we sit down, inactive and irresolute, incloses us on all sides with his toils.

When, therefore, O my countrymen! when will you exert your vigour? When roused by some event? When forced by some necessity? What then are we to think of our present condition? To freemen, the disgrace attending on misconduct is, in my opinion, the most urgent necessity. Or say, is it your sole ambition to wander through the public places, one inquiring of another, "What news?" Can any thing be more new than that a man of Macedon should conquer the Athenians, and give law to Greece?—"Is Philip dead?—No, but in great danger."—How are you concerned in those rumours? Suppose he should make

some fatal stroke: you would soon raise up another Philip, if your interests are thus disregarded. For it is not to his own strength that he so much owes his elevation, as to our supineness. And should some accident affect him, should Fortune, who hath ever been more careful of the State than we ourselves, now repeat her favours; (and may she thus crown them!) be assured of this, that, by being on the spot, ready to take advantage of the confusion, you will every where be absolute masters: but in your present disposition, even if a favourable juncture should present you with Amphipolis, you could not take possession of it, while this suspense prevails in your designs and in your councils.

Some wander about, crying, Philip hath joined with the Lacedæmonians, and they are concerting the destruction of Thebes, and the dissolution of some free states! Others assure us, he hath sent an embassy to the king; others that he is fortifying places in Illyria. Thus we all go about framing our several tales. I do believe, indeed, Athenians! he is intoxicated with his greatness, and does entertain his imagination with many such visionary prospects, as he sees no power rising to oppose him, and is elated with his success. But I cannot be persuaded that he hath so taken his measures that the weakest among us know what he is next to do; (for it is the weakest among us who spread these rumours.)—Let us disregard them: let us be persuaded of this; that he is our enemy, that he hath spoiled us of our dominions, that we have long been subject to his insolence, that whatever we expected to be done for us by others hath proved against us, and that all the resource left is in ourselves; that if we are not inclined to carry our arms abroad, we may be forced to engage him here—let us be persuaded of this, and then we shall come to a proper determination, then we shall be freed from these idle tales. For we are not to be solicitous to know what

particular events will happen; we need but be convinced nothing good can happen, unless you grant the due attention to affairs, and be ready to act as becomes Athenians.

XXIX. *The Oration of Æschines against Demosthenes, on the Crown.*

In such a situation of affairs, and in such disorders, as you yourselves are sensible of, the only method of saving the wrecks of government is, if I mistake not, to allow full liberty to accuse those who have invaded your laws. But if you shut them up, or suffer others to do this, I prophesy that you will fall insensibly, and that very soon, under a tyrannical power. For you know, Athenians, that government is divided into three kinds; monarchy, oligarchy, and democracy. As to the two former, they are governed at the will and pleasure of those who reign in either; whereas established laws only reign in a popular state. I make these observations, therefore, that none of you may be ignorant, but, on the contrary, that every one may be entirely assured, that the day he ascends the seat of justice, to examine an accusation upon the invasion of the laws, that very day he goes to give judgment upon his own independence. And, indeed, the legislator who is convinced that a free state can support itself no longer than the laws govern, takes particular care to prescribe this form of an oath to judges, "I will judge according to the laws." The remembrance, therefore, of this being deeply implanted in your minds must inspire you with a just abhorrence of any persons whatsoever who dare transgress them by rash decrees: and that, far from ever looking upon a trangression of this kind as a small fault, you always consider it as an enormous and capital crime. Do not suffer, then, any one to make you depart from so wise a principle.—But as, in

the army, every one of you would be ashamed to quit the post assigned him by the general; so let every one of you be this day ashamed to abandon the post which the laws have given you in the commonwealth. What post?—that of protectors of the government.

Must we, in your persons, crown the author of the public calamities, or must we destroy him? And, indeed, what unexpected revolutions, what unthought of catastrophes, have we not seen in our days?—The king of Persia, that king who opened a passage through Mount Athos; who bound the Hellespont in chains; who was so imperious as to command the Greeks to acknowledge him sovereign both of sea and land; who in his letters and despatches presumed to style himself the sovereign of the world from the rising to the setting of the sun; and who fights now, not to rule over the rest of mankind, but to save his own life. Do not we see those very men who signalized their zeal in the relief of Delphos, invested both with the glory, for which that powerful king was once so conspicuous, and with the title of the chief of the Greeks against him?—As to Thebes, which borders upon Attica, have we not seen it disappear in one day from the midst of Greece?—and with regard to the unhappy Lacedæmonians, what calamities have not befallen them, only for taking but a small part of the spoils of the temple! They who formerly assumed a superiority over Greece, are they not now going to send embassadors to Alexander's court; to bear the name of hostages in his train; to become a spectacle of misery; to bow the knee before the monarch; submit themselves and their country to his mercy; and receive such laws as a conqueror, a conqueror they attacked first, shall think fit to prescribe to them? Athens itself, the common refuge of the Greeks; Athens, formerly peopled with embassadors, who flocked to claim its almighty protection; is not this city now obliged to fight,

not to obtain a superiority over the Greeks, but to preserve itself from destruction? Such are the misfortunes which Demosthenes has brought upon us, since his intermeddling with the administration.———

Imagine then, Athenians, when he shall invite the confidants and accomplices of his abject perfidy to range themselves around him, towards the close of his harangue; imagine, then, Athenians, on your side, that you see the ancient benefactors of this commonwealth, drawn up in battle array, round this rostrum, where I am now speaking, in order to repulse that audacious band. Imagine you hear Solon, who strengthened the popular government by such excellent laws; that philosopher, that incomparable legislator, conjuring you with a gentleness and modesty becoming his character, not to set a higher value upon Demosthenes's oratorical flourishes than upon your oaths and your laws. Imagine you hear Aristides, who made so exact and just a division of the contributions imposed upon the Greeks for the common cause; that sage dispenser, who left no other inheritance to his daughters, but the public gratitude, which was their portion; imagine, I say, you hear him bitterly bewailing the outrageous manner in which we trample upon justice, and speaking to you in these words: What! because Arthmius of Zelia, that Asiatic, who passed through Athens, where he even enjoyed the rights of hospitality, had brought gold from the Medes into Greece, your ancestors were going to send him to the place of execution, and banished him, not only from their city, but from all the countries dependent on them; and will not you blush to decree Demosthenes, who has not indeed brought gold from the Medes, but has received such sums of money from all parts to betray you, and now enjoys the fruit of his treasures: will not you, I say, blush to decree a crown of gold to Demosthenes? Do you think that The-

mistocles, and the heroes who were killed in the battles of Marathon and Platæa—do you think the very tombs of your ancestors will not send forth groans, if you crown a man, who, by his own confession, has been for ever conspiring with barbarians to ruin Greece?

As to myself, O earth! O sun! O virtue! And you, who are the springs of true discernment, lights both natural and acquired, by which we distinguish good from evil, I call you to witness, that I have used all my endeavours to relieve the state, and to plead her cause. I could have wished my speech had been equal to the greatness and importance of the subject; at least, I can flatter myself with having discharged my duty according to my abilities, if I have not done it according to my wishes. Do you, Athenians, from the reasons you have heard, and those which your wisdom will suggest; do you pronounce such a judgment as is conformable to strict justice, and the common good demands from you.

XXX. *The Oration of Demosthenes on the Crown.*

In the first place, ye men of Athens, I make my prayer to all the powers of Heaven, that such affection as I have ever invariably discovered to this state, and all its citizens, you, now, may entertain for me, upon this present trial. And, (what concerns you nearly, what essentially concerns your religion and your honour)—that the gods may so dispose your minds, as to permit me to proceed in my defence, not as directed by my adversary, (that would be severe indeed!) but by the laws, and by your oath; in which, to all the other equitable clauses, we find this expressly added—"Each party shall have equal audience."—This imports not merely that you shall not prejudge, not merely that the same impartiality shall be shown to both; but still further,

that the contending parties shall each be left at full liberty to arrange and to conduct his pleading, as his choice or judgment may determine.

In many instances hath Æschines the entire advantage in this cause. Two there are of more especial moment. First, as to our interests in the contest, we are on terms utterly unequal; for they are by no means points of equal import, for me to be deprived of your affections, and for him to be defeated in his prosecution. As to me—but, when I am entering on my defence, let me suppress every thing invidious, sensible as I must be of this the advantage of my adversary.—In the next place, such is the natural disposition of mankind, that invective and accusation are heard with pleasure; while they who speak their own praises are received with impatience. His, then, is the part which commands a favourable acceptance; that which must prove offensive to every single hearer is reserved for me. If to guard against this disadvantage, I should decline all mention of my own actions, I know not by what means I could refute the charge, or establish my pretensions to this honour. If, on the other hand, I enter into a detail of my whole conduct, private and political, I must be obliged to speak perpetually of myself. Here then I shall endeavour to preserve all possible moderation: and what the circumstances of the case necessarily extort from me must, in justice, be imputed to him who first moved a prosecution so extraordinary.

But, since he hath insisted so much upon the event, I shall hazard a bold assertion. But I beseech you, Athenians! let it not be deemed extravagant: let it be weighed with candour. I say then, that had we all known what fortune was to attend our efforts; had we all foreseen the final issue; had you foretold it, Æschines; had you bellowed out your terrible denunciations; (you whose voice was never heard;)

yet even in such a case, must this city have pursued the very same conduct, if she had retained a thought of glory, of her ancestors, or of future times. For, thus, she could only have been deemed unfortunate in her attempts: and misfortunes are the lot of all men, whenever it may please Heaven to inflict them. But if that state which once claimed the first rank in Greece, had resigned this rank in time of danger, she had incurred the censure of betraying the whole nation to the enemy. What part of Greece, what part of the barbarian world has not heard, that the Thebans in their periods of success,—that the Lacedæmonians, whose power was older and more extensive,—that the king of Persia would have cheerfully and joyfully consented that this state should enjoy her own dominions, together with an accession of territory ample as her wishes, upon this condition that she should receive law, and suffer another state to preside in Greece? But to Athenians, this was a condition unbecoming their descent, intolerable to their spirit, repugnant to their nature. Athens never was once known to live in a slavish, though a secure obedience to unjust and arbitrary power. No: our whole history is one series of noble contests for pre-eminence; the whole period of our existence hath been spent in braving dangers, for the sake of glory and renown. And so highly do you esteem such conduct so consonant to the Athenian character, that those of your ancestors who were most distinguished in the pursuit of it are ever the most favourite objects of your praise—and with reason. For who can reflect without astonishment upon the magnanimity of those men who resigned their lands, gave up their city, and embarked in their ships, to avoid the odious state of subjection? who chose Themistocles, the adviser of this conduct, to command their forces; and when Lycidas proposed that they should yield to the terms prescribed, stoned him to death. Nay, the public indignation

was not yet allayed. Your very wives inflicted the same vengeance on his wife. For the Athenians of that day looked out for no speaker, no general to procure them a state of prosperous slavery. They had the spirit to reject even life, unless they were allowed to enjoy that life in freedom. Should I then attempt to assert, that it was I who inspired you with sentiments worthy of your ancestors, I should meet the just resentment of every hearer. No; it is my point to show, that such sentiments are properly your own; that they were the sentiments of my country, long before my days. I claim but my share of merit in having acted on such principles, in every part of my administration. He then who condemns every part of my administration, he who directs you to treat me with severity, as one who hath involved the state in terrors and dangers, while he labours to deprive me of present honour, robs you of the applause of all posterity. For if you now pronounce that, as my public conduct hath not been right, Ctesiphon must stand condemned, it must be thought that you yourselves have acted wrong, not that you owe your present state to the caprice of fortune.—But it cannot be! No, my countrymen! it cannot be you have acted wrong, in encountering danger bravely, for the liberty and the safety of all Greece. No! by those generous souls of ancient times, who were exposed at Marathon! By those who stood arrayed at Platæa! By those who encountered the Persian fleet at Salamis! who fought at Artemisium! By all those illustrious sons of Athens, whose remains lie deposited in the public monuments! all of whom received the same honourable interment from their country; not those only who prevailed, not those only who were victorious, and with reason. What was the part of gallant men, they all performed: their success was such as the supreme Director of the world dispensed to each.

As to those public works so much the object of your ridi-

cule, they undoubtedly demand a due share of honour and applause: but I rate them far beneath the great merits of my administration. It is not with stones nor bricks that I have fortified the city. It is not from works like these that I derive my reputation. Would you know my methods of fortifying; examine, and you will find them, in the arms, the town, the territories, the harbours I have secured; the navies, the troops, the armies I have raised. These are the works by which I defended Attica, as far as human foresight could defend it: These are the fortifications I drew round our whole territory, and not the circuit of our harbour, or of our city only. In these acts of policy, in these provisions for a war, I never yielded to Philip. No; it was our generals and our confederate forces who yielded to fortune. Would you know the proofs of this; they are plain and evident. Consider: what was the part of a faithful citizen? of a prudent, an active, and an honest minister? Was he not to secure Eubœa, as our defence against all attacks by sea? Was he not to make Bœotia our barrier on the midland side; the cities bordering on Peloponnesus our bulwark on that quarter? Was he not to attend with due precaution to the importation of corn, that this trade might be protected, through all its progress, up to our own harbour? Was he not to cover those districts which we commanded by seasonable detachments, as the Proconesus, the Chersonesus, and Tenedos? to exert himself in the assembly for this purpose? while, with equal zeal, he laboured to gain others to our interest and alliance, as Byzantium, Abydos, and Eubœa? Was he not to cut off the best and most important resources of our enemies, and to supply those in which our country was defective?—And all this you gained by my counsels and my administration;—such counsels and such an administration, as must appear, upon a fair and equitable view, the result of strict integrity;

such as left no favourable juncture unimproved, through ignorance or treachery; such as ever had their due effect, as far as the judgment and abilities of one man could prove effectual. But if some superior being, if the power of fortune, if the misconduct of generals, if the iniquity of you traitors, or if all these together broke in upon us, and at length involved us in one general devastation, how is Demosthenes to be blamed? Had there been a single man in each Grecian state to act the same part which I supported in this city; nay, had but one such man been found in Thessaly, and one in Arcadia, actuated by my principles; not a single Greek, either beyond or on this side Thermopylæ, could have experienced the misfortunes of this day. All men had been free and independent, in perfect tranquillity, security, and happiness; uncontrouled, in their several communities, by any foreign power, and filled with gratitude to you and to your state, the authors of these blessings so extensive and so precious—and all this by my means. To convince you that I have spoken much less than I could justify by facts; that, in this detail, I have studiously guarded against envy, take—read the list of our confederates, as they were procured by my decrees.

There are two distinguishing qualities (Athenians!) which the virtuous citizen should ever possess; (I speak in general terms, as the least invidious method of doing justice to myself) a zeal for the honour and pre-eminence of the state, in his official conduct, on all occasions; and in all transactions an affection for his country. This nature can bestow. Abilities and success depend upon another power. And in this affection you find me firm and invariable. Not the solemn demand of my person, not the vengeance of the Amphictyonic council, which they denounced against me, not the terror of their threatenings, not the flattery of their promises,—no, nor the fury of those accursed wretches,

whom they roused like wild beasts against me, could ever tear this affection from my breast. From first to last, I have uniformly pursued the just and virtuous course of conduct: asserter of the honours, of the prerogatives, of the glory of my country: studious to support them, zealous to advance them, my whole being is devoted to this glorious cause. I was never known to march through the city with a face of joy and exultation at the success of a foreign power; embracing, and announcing the joyful tidings to those who, I supposed, would transmit it to the proper place. I was never known to receive the successes of my own country with tremblings, with sighings, with eyes bending to the earth, like those impious men who are the defamers of the state, as if, by such conduct, they were not defamers of themselves; who look abroad, and, when a foreign potentate hath established his power on the calamities of Greece, applaud the event; and tell us we should take every means to perpetuate his power.

Hear me, ye immortal gods! and let not these their desires be ratified in heaven! Infuse a better spirit into these men! Inspire even their minds with purer sentiments!—This is my first prayer. Or, if their natures are not to be reformed; on them, on them only, discharge your vengeance! Pursue them both by land and sea! Pursue them even to destruction! But, to us display your goodness in a speedy deliverance from impending evils, and all the blessings of protection and tranquillity!

XXXI. *Hannibal to his Soldiers.*

I know not, soldiers, whether you or your prisoners be encompassed by fortune with the stricter bonds and necessities. Two seas enclose you on the right and left:—not a ship to flee to for escaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhône; behind you are

the Alps, over which, even when your numbers were undiminished, you were hardly able to force a passage. Here then, soldiers, you must either conquer or die, the very first hour you meet the enemy. But the same fortune which has thus laid you under the necessity of fighting, has set before your eyes those rewards of victory, than which no men are ever wont to wish for greater from the immortal gods. Should we by our valour recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were ravished from our fathers, those would be no inconsiderable prizes. Yet what are these? The wealth of Rome, whatever riches she has heaped together in the spoils of nations, all these, with the masters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vast mountains of Lusitania and Celtiberia; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone. The time is now come to reap the full recompense of your toilsome marches over so many mountains and rivers, and through so many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which fortune has appointed to be the limits of your labours; it is here that you will finish your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompense of your completed service. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and sounding. It has often happened that a despised enemy has given a bloody battle, and the most renowned kings and nations have, by a small force, been overthrown. And if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there within that may stand in competition with you? For (to say nothing of your service in war for twenty years together with so much valour and success) from the very Pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmost bound of the earth, through so many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom

are you now to fight? With raw soldiers, an undisciplined army, beaten, vanquished, besieged by the Gauls the very last summer, an army unknown to their leader, and they unacquainted with him.

Or shall I, who was born, I might almost say, but certainly brought up, in the tent of my father, that most excellent general, shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations, but, which is greater yet, of the Alps themselves, shall I compare myself with this half-year captain? A captain before whom should one place the two armies without their ensigns, I am persuaded he would not know to which of them he was consul. I esteem it no small advantage, soldiers, that there is not one among you who has not often been an eye-witness of my exploits in war; not one of whose valour I myself have not been a spectator, so as to be able to name the times and places of his noble achievements; that with soldiers, whom I have a thousand times praised and rewarded, and whose pupil I was before I became their general, I shall march against an army of men, strangers to one another.

On what side soever I turn my eyes I behold all full of courage and strength; a veteran infantry; a most gallant cavalry; you, my allies, most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger, impels to battle. The hope, the courage of assailants is always greater than of those who act upon the defensive. With hostile banners displayed, you are come down upon Italy; you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities, fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge! —First they demanded me; that I, your general, should be delivered up to them; next, all of you, who had fought at the siege of Saguntum; and we were to be put to death by the extremest tortures. Proud and cruel nation! Every thing must be yours, and at your disposal! You are to prescribe

to us with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace! you are to set us bounds; to shut us up within hills and rivers: but you—you are not to observe the limits which yourselves have fixed! Pass not the Iberus. What next? Touch not the Saguntines; Saguntum is upon the Iberus, move not a step towards that city. Is it a small matter, then, that you have deprived us of our ancient possessions, Sicily and Sardinia? You would have Spain too. Well, we shall yield Spain; and then—you will pass into Africa. Will pass, did I say?—This very year they ordered one of their consuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, soldiers, there is nothing left for us but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on then. Be men. The Romans may with more safety be cowards; they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to flee to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither: but for you there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds, and once again I say, you are conquerors.

XXXII. *T. Quintius's Speech to the Roman People.*

Though I am not conscious, O Romans! of any crime by me committed, it is yet with the utmost shame and confusion that I appear in your assembly. You have seen it—Posterity will know it—In the fourth consulship of Titus Quintius, the Æqui and Volsci (scarce a match for the Hernici alone) came in arms to the very gates of Rome, and went away again unchastised! The course of our manners indeed, and the state of our affairs, have long been such, that I had no reason to presage much good; but, could I have imagined that so great ignominy would have befallen me this year, I would by death or banishment (if all other means had failed) have avoided the station I am now in. What! might Rome then have been taken, if those men

who were at our gates had not wanted courage for the attempt?—Rome taken, while I was consul!—Of honours I had sufficient—of life enough—more than enough—I should have died in my third consulate. But who are they, that our dastardly enemies thus despise? the consuls? or you, Romans? If we are in fault, depose us, punish us yet more severely. If you are to blame—may neither gods nor men punish your faults, only may you repent! No, Romans, the confidence of your enemies is not owing to their courage; or to their belief of your cowardice; they have been too often vanquished, not to know both themselves and you. Discord, discord is the ruin of this city. The eternal disputes between the senate and the people are the sole cause of our misfortunes. While we will set no bounds to our domination, nor you to your liberty; while you impatiently endure patrician magistrates, and we plebeian; our enemies take heart, grow elated and presumptuous.

In the name of the immortal gods, what is it, Romans, you would have? You desired tribunes; for the sake of peace we granted them—You were eager to have decemvirs; we consented to their creation—You grew weary of these decemvirs; we obliged them to abdicate—Your hatred pursued them when reduced to be private men; and we suffered you to put to death, or banish, patricians of the first rank in the republic—You insisted upon the restoration of the tribuneship; we yielded: we quietly saw consuls of your own faction elected—You have the protection of your tribunes, and the privilege of appeal; the patricians are subjected to the decrees of the commons. Under pretence of equal and impartial laws, you have invaded our rights; and we have suffered it; and we still suffer it. When shall we see an end of discord? When shall we have one interest and one common country? Victorious and triumphant, you show less temper than we

under our defeat. When you are to contend with us, you can seize the Aventine Hill, you can possess yourselves of the Mons Sacer. The enemy is at our gates, the Æsquiline is near being taken, and nobody stirs to hinder it. But against us you are valiant, against us you can arm with all diligence. Come on then, besiege the Senate House, make a camp of the Forum, fill the jails with all our chief nobles; and, when you have achieved these glorious exploits, then at the least, sally out at the Æsquiline gate with the same fierce spirits against the enemy. Does your resolution fail you for this? Go then, and behold from our walls your lands ravaged, your houses plundered and in flames, the whole country laid waste with fire and sword! Have you any thing here to repair these damages? Will the tribunes make up your losses to you? They will give you words as many as you please; bring impeachments in abundance against the prime men in the state; heap laws upon laws; assemblies you shall have without end: but will any of you return the richer from those assemblies? Extinguish, O Romans! these fatal divisions; generously break this cursed enchantment, which keeps you buried in a scandalous inaction. Open your eyes, and consider the management of those ambitious men, who, to make themselves powerful in their party, study nothing but how they may foment divisions in the commonwealth. If you can but summon up your former courage, if you will now march out of Rome with your consuls, there is no punishment you can inflict which I will not submit to, if I do not in a few days drive those pillagers out of our territory. This terror of war (with which you seem so grievously struck) shall quickly be removed from Rome to their own cities.

XXXIII. *Cicero's Oration against Verres.*

The time is come, fathers, when that which has long been wished for, towards allaying the envy your order has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials, is (not by human contrivance, but superior direction,) effectually put in our power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you and pernicious to the state, namely, that, in prosecutions, men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial, before you, to the confusion I hope of the propagators of this slanderous imputation, one whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons; but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted: I mean Caius Verres. I have undertaken this prosecution, fathers, at the general desire and with the great expectation of the Roman people; not that I might draw envy upon that illustrious order of which the accused happens to be; but with the direct design of clearing your justice and impartiality before the world. For I have brought upon his trial one whose conduct has been such, that, in passing a just sentence upon him, you will have an opportunity of re-establishing the credit of such trials; of recovering whatever may be lost of the favour of the Roman people; and of satisfying foreign states and kingdoms in alliance with us, or tributary to us. I demand justice of you, fathers, upon the robber of the public treasury, the oppressor of Asia Minor and Pamphylia, the invader of the rights and privileges of Romans, the scourge and curse of Sicily. If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority, fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the

eyes of the public. But if his great riches should bias you in his favour, I shall still gain one point, which is to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case was not a criminal nor a prosecutor,—but justice and adequate punishment.

For, as those acts of violence, by which he has got his exorbitant riches, were done openly, so have his attempts to prevent judgment, and escape due punishment, been public, and in open defiance of decency. He has accordingly said, that the only time he ever was afraid, was when he found the prosecution commenced against him by me, lest he should not have time enough to dispose of a sufficient number of presents in proper hands. Nor has he attempted to secure himself by the legal way of defence upon his trial. And, indeed, where is the learning, the eloquence, or the art, which would be sufficient to qualify any one for the defence of him whose whole life has been a continued series of the most atrocious crimes? To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quæstorship, the first public employment he held, what does it exhibit but one continued scene of villainies: Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer; a consul stripped and betrayed; an army deserted and reduced to want; a province robbed; the civil and religious rights of the people violated. The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphylia, what did it produce, but the ruin of those countries, in which houses, cities, and temples, were robbed by him? There he acted over again the scene of his quæstorship, bringing, by his bad practices, Cneius Dolabella, whose substitute he was, into disgrace with the people, and then deserting him; not only deserting, but even accusing and betraying him. What was his conduct in his prætorship here at home? Let the plundered temples, and public works neglected that he might embezzle the money

intended for carrying them on, bear witness. How did he discharge the office of a judge? Let those, who suffered by his injustice, answer. But his prætorship in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedness, and finishes a lasting monument to his infamy. The mischiefs done by him in that unhappy country, during the three years of his iniquitous administration, are such, that many years under the wisest and best of prætors will not be sufficient to restore things to the condition in which he found them: for it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman senate, upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth, nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. No inhabitant of that ruined country has been able to keep possession of any thing, but what has either escaped the rapaciousness, or been neglected by the satiety, of that universal plunderer. His nod has decided all causes in Sicily for these three years; and his decisions have broken all law, all precedent, all right. The sums he has, by arbitrary taxes, and unheard-of impositions, extorted from the industrious poor are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. The most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deserved punishments; and men of the most unexceptionable characters condemned and banished unheard. The harbours, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns, opened to pirates and ravagers. The soldiery and sailors, belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, starved to death. Whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, suffered to perish. The ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes

and princes, carried off; and the temples stripped of their images. The infamy of his lewdness has been such as decency forbids to describe. Nor will I, by mentioning particulars, put those unfortunate persons to fresh pain, who have not been able to save their wives and daughters from his impurity. And these, his atrocious crimes, have been committed in so public a manner, that there is no one who has heard of his name, but could reckon up his actions.

Now, Verres, I ask what you have to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend, that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated, is alleged against you? Had any prince, or any state, committed the same outrage against the privilege of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment ought, then, to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, from whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a "Roman citizen: I have served under Lucius Pretius, who "is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence." The

blood-thirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publickly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings were, "I am a Roman citizen." With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross!

O liberty!—O sound once delightful to every Roman ear!—O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship!—once sacred! now trampled upon!—but what then? Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at the last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

I conclude with expressing my hopes that your wisdom and justice, fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

PART III.

VEHEMENT PASSION.

I. *Richmond encouraging his Soldiers against Richard the Third.*

Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment.
Richard, the bloody and devouring boar,
Whose ravenous appetite has spoil'd your fields,
Laid this rich country waste, and rudely cropp'd
Its ripen'd hopes of fair posterity,
Is now even in the centre of the isle.
Thrice is he arm'd that has his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted:
The very weight of Richard's guilt shall crush him.
Then let us on, my friends, and boldly face him.
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As mild behaviour and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Let us be tigers in our fierce deportment.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this body on the earth's cold face;
But if we thrive, the glory of the action

The meanest soldier here shall share his part of.
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords,
Sound drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully,
The words " St. George, Richmond, and Victory ! "

II. *Marullus's Speech to the Mob in Julius Cæsar.*

Wherefore rejoice ? That Cæsar comes in triumph ?
What conquests brings he home ?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels ?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things !
O you hard hearts ! you cruel men of Rome !
Knew you not Pompey ? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows ; yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath his banks
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shores ?
And do you now put on your best attire ?
And do you now cull out a holiday ?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?
Be gone———
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plagues
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

III. *Antony's Soliloquy over Cæsar's Body.*

O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of time.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
(Which like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curse shall light upon the line of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war:
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;
And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry Havock and let slip the dogs of war,
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men groaning for burial.

IV. *Alexander, on passing the Granicus.*

Witness, ye heav'nly powers, how Alexander
Honours and loves a soldier.——Oh! my Clytus,
Was it not when we pass'd the Granicus
Thou didst preserve me from unequal force?
It was, when Sprithridates and Rhesaces
Fell both upon me with two dreadful strokes,

And clave my temper'd helmet quite asunder;
Then I remember, then thou didst me service;
And I am prouder to have pass'd that stream
Than that I drove a million o'er the plain.
Can none remember? Yes, I know all must,
When glory, like the dazzling eagle, stood
Perch'd on my beaver in the Granic flood;
When Fortune's self my standard trembling bore,
And the pale Fates stood frighted on the shore;
When the immortals on the billows rode,
And I myself appear'd the leading god.

V. *Zanga, in the Tragedy of the Revenge.*

O Joy, thou welcome stranger! twice three years
I have not felt thy vital beam; but now
It warms my veins, and plays around my heart:
A fiery instinct lifts me from the ground,
And I could mount—the spirits numberless
Of my dear countrymen, which yesterday
Left their poor bleeding bodies on the field,
Are all assembled here, and o'er-inform me—
O bridegroom! great indeed thy present bliss;
Yet ev'n by me unenvied: for be sure
It is thy last, thy last smile, that which now
Sits on thy cheek: enjoy it while thou may'st;
Anguish, and groans, and death, bespeak to-morrow.
Thus far my deep-laid plots and dark designs
Go well———
———Ah! what is well? O pang to think!
O dire necessity! Is this my province?
Whither, my soul, ah! whither art thou sunk
Beneath thy sphere? Ere while, far, far above
Such little arts, dissemblings, falsehoods, frauds,

The trash of villany itself, which falls
To cowards and poor wretches wanting bread.
Does this become a soldier? this become
Whom armies follow'd and a people lov'd?
My martial glory withers at the thought:
But great my end; and since there are no other,
These means are just: they shine with borrow'd light,
Illustrious from the purpose they pursue.
And greater sure my merit, who, to gain
A point sublime, can such a task sustain;
To wade through ways obscene, my honour bend,
And shock my nature to attain my end.
Late time shall wonder; that my joys will raise;
For wonder is involuntary praise.

VI. *Zanga encouraging Alonzo to kill his Wife.*

You have resolv'd your faithless bride shall die:
That's truly great. What think you 'twas set up
The Greek and Roman name in such a lustre,
But doing right in stern despite to nature,
Shutting their ears to all her little cries,
When great, august, and god-like justice call'd?
At Aulis, one pour'd out a daughter's life,
And gain'd more glory than by all his wars;
Another, in just rage, his sister slew;
A third, the theme of all succeeding times,
Gave to the cruel axe a darling son:
Nay, more; for justice some devote themselves,
As he at Carthage, an immortal name!
Yet there is one step left above 'em all,
Above their history, above their fable;
A wife, bride, mistress of your heart——do that,
And tread upon the Greek and Roman glory.

VII. *Henry V. to his Soldiers at the Siege of Harfleur.*

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon: let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth the galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height. Now on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fetch'd from fathers of war-proof;
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument:
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war: and you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs are made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture: let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not:
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eye;
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's a foot;

Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge
Cry, Heav'n for Harry, England, and St. George!

VIII. *Henry V. encouraging his Soldiers.*

What's he that wishes for more men from England?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin;
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss: and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honour.
Heav'n's will! I pray thee wish not one man more.
In truth, I am not covetous of gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, good my Lord, wish not a man from England:
Heav'n's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more methinks would share from me,
For the best hopes I have. Wish not one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he who hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the Feast of Crispian;
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand on tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian;
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,

And say, To-morrow is Saint Crispian;
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars:
Old men forget; yet shall not all forget,
But they'll remember with advantages
What feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispine Crispian shall ne'er go by
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered!
We few, we happy few; we band of brothers:
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition.
And gentlemen in England, now in bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speak
That fought with us upon St. Crispian's day.

IX. *Moloch's Oration for War.*

My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need; or when they need, not now.
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here,
Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No, let us rather choose,

Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder; and, for light'ning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels; and his throne itself,
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat; descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursu'd us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easy then;
Th' event is fear'd. Should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction; if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroyed. What can be worse
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorable, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance! More destroy'd than thus,
We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense

His utmost ire? which, to the height enrag'd,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential; happier far,
Than miserable to have eternal being;
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our pow'r sufficient to disturb his heav'n,
And with perpetual inroad to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne;
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.

X. *Portius and Marcus, on the Success of Cæsar.*

Portius. The dawn is over-cast, the morning lours,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome.——Our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ruin'd more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
Should he go further, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havock does ambition make
Among your works!

Marc. Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy.
I'm tortur'd, ev'n to madness, when I think
On the proud victor: every time he's nam'd
Pharsalia rises to my view!—I see
Th' insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field

Strew'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in slaughter,
His horse's hoofs wet with patrician blood!
Oh, Portius, is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heav'n,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

Por. Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mix'd with too much horror to be envy'd:
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out and burn with more triumphant brightness!
His suff'rings shine and spread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
Oppression, tyranny, and power usurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em.

Marc. Who knows not this? But what can Cato do
Against a world, a base degen'rate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæsar?
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatness,
And cover'd with Numidian guards directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By Heav'n, such virtues, join'd with such success,
Distract my very soul! our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

Por. Remember what our father oft has told us;
The ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate:
Puzzl'd in mazes, and perplex'd with errors,
Our understanding traces 'em in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;

Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

XI. *Faulconbridge and King John.*

Faulc. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Faulc. They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel life
By some curs'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live!

Faulc. So on my soul he did for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you so sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire:
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away and glitter like the god of war,
When he intended to become the field;
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What! shall they seek the lion in his den,

And fright him there, and make him tremble there?
Oh, let it not be said! Forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him ere he comes so nigh.

K. John. The Legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the pow'rs
Led by the Dauphin.

Faulc. Oh, inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? Shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my Liege, to arms:
Perchance the Cardinal can't make your peace;
Or, if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Faulc. Away then, with good courage; yet I know
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

XVI. *Brutus and Cassius, in Julius Cæsar.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ah, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you bring me to this place?
What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught to forward the general good,
Set Honour in one eye, and Death i' th' other,
And I will look on Death indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of Honour more than I fear Death.
Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.——
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere he could arrive at the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, Help me, Cassius, or I sink!
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear; so from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake. 'Tis true this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend does awe the world
Did lose its lustre; I did hear him groan:
Aye, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cry'd—Give me some drink, Titinius——
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus! and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some times are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus—and Cæsar—what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together; yours is as fair a name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat does this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, since the great flood,

But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil, to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous:
What would you work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter: for this present,
I would not (so with love I might entreat you)
Be any further mov'd. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome,
Under such hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

XVII. *Gloster and Hastings.*

Glos. My lord, y' are well encounter'd; here has been
A fair petitioner this morning with us:
Believe me, she has won me much to pity her:
Alas! her gentle nature was not made
To buffet with adversity. I told her
How worthily her cause you had befriended;

How much for your good sake we meant to do,
That you had spoke, and all things should be well.

Hast. Your highness binds me ever to your service.

Glost. You know your friendship is most potent with us,
And shares our power. But of this enough,
For we have other matter for your ear,
The state is out of tune; distracting fears,
And jealous doubts, jar in our public counsels;
Amidst the wealthy city murmurs rise,
Loud railings, and reproach on those that rule,
With open scorn of government: hence credit,
And public trust 'twixt man and man, are broke.
The golden streams of commerce are withheld
Which fed the wants of needy hinds and artisans,
Who therefore curse the great, and threat rebellion.

Hast. The testy knaves are over-run with ease,
As plenty ever is the nurse of faction.
If in good days, like these, the headstrong herd
Grow madly wanton, and repine, it is
Because the reins of power are held too slack,
And reverend authority of late
Has worn a face of mercy more than of justice.

Glost. Beshrew my heart! but you have well divin'd
The source of these disorders. Who can wonder
If riot and misrule o'erturn the realm,
When the crown sits upon a baby brow?
Plainly to speak: hence comes the gen'ral cry,
And sum of all complaint: 'twill ne'er be well
With England (thus they talk) while children govern.

Hast. 'Tis true, the king is young; but what of that?
We feel no want of Edward's riper years,
While Gloster's valour and most princely wisdom
So well supply our infant sov'reign's place,
His youth's support, and guardian to his throne.

Glost. The council (much I'm bound to thank 'em for't)
Have plac'd a pageant sceptre in my hand,
Barren of pow'r, and subject to control;
Scorn'd by my foes, and useless to my friends.
Oh, worthy lord! were mine the rule indeed,
I think I should not suffer rank offence
At large to lord it in the commonweal;
Nor would the realm be rent by discord thus,
Thus fear and doubt, betwixt disputed titles.

Hast. Of this I am to learn; as not supposing
A doubt like this——

Glost. Ay, marry, but there is——
And that of much concern. Have you not heard
How, on a late occasion, Dr. Shaw
Has mov'd the people much about the lawfulness
Of Edward's issue? By right grave authority
Of learning and religion, plainly proving
A bastard scion never should be grafted
Upon a royal stock: from thence, at full
Discoursing on my brother's former contract
To Lady Elizabeth Lucy, long before
His inconsiderate match with that same widow,
The queen he left behind him————

Hast. Ill befal
Such meddling priests, who kindle up confusion,
And vex the quiet world with their vain scruples:
By Heaven, 'tis done in perfect spite to peace.
Did not the king,
Our royal master, Edward, in concurrence
With his estates assembled, well determine
What course the sov'reign rule should take henceforward?
When shall the deadly hate of faction cease,
When shall our long-divided land have rest,
If every peevish, moody malcontent

Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar,
Fright them with dangers, and perplex their brains,
Each day, with some fantastic giddy change?

Glos. What if some patriot, for the public good,
Should vary from your scheme, new-mould the state?

Hast. Curse on the innovating hand attempts it!
Remember him, the villain, righteous Heav'n,
In the great day of vengeance! Blast the traitor,
And his pernicious counsels, who, for wealth,
For pow'r, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars!

Glos. You go too far, my lord.

Hast. Your highness' pardon———
Have we so soon forgot those days of ruin,
When York and Lancaster drew forth their battles;
When, like a matron butcher'd by her sons,
And cast beside some common way, a spectacle
Of horror and affright to passers-by,
Our groaning country bled at ev'ry vein;
When murders, rapes, and massacres prevail'd;
When churches, palaces, and cities blaz'd;
When insolence and barbarism triumph'd,
And swept away distinction? Peasants trod
Upon the necks of nobles; low were laid
The reverend crosier, and the holy mitre,
And desolation cover'd all the land:
Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to sheath a dagger in his heart
Whose curs'd ambition would renew those horrors,
And set once more that scene of blood before us?

Glos. How now! so hot!

Hast. So brave, and so resolv'd.

Glos. Is then our friendship of so little moment,
That you could arm your hand against my life?

Hast. I hope your highness does not think I mean it:
No, Heav'n forefend that e'er your princely person
Should come within the scope of my resentment.

Glos. Oh, noble Hastings! Nay, I must embrace you,
By holy Paul, y' are a right honest man!
The time is full of danger and distrust,
And warns us to be wary. Hold me not
Too apt for jealousy and light surmise,
If, when I mean to lodge you next my heart,
I put your truth to trial. Keep your loyalty,
And live your king and country's best support:
For me, I ask no more than honour gives,
To think me yours, and rank me with your friends.

Hast. Accept what thanks a grateful heart should pay.
Oh, princely Gloster! judge me not ungentle,
Of manners rude and insolent of speech,
If, when the public safety is in question,
My zeal flows warm and eager from my tongue.

Glos. Enough of this: to deal in wordy compliment
Is much against the plainness of my nature:
I judge you by myself, a clear true spirit,
And, as such, once more join you to my bosom.
Farewell, and be my friend. [*Exit.*

Hast. I am not read
Nor skill'd and practis'd in the arts of greatness,
To kindle thus, and give a scope to passion.
The duke is surely noble; but he touch'd me
Ev'n on the tend'rest point; the master-string
That makes most harmony or discord to me.
I own the glorious subject fires my breast,
And my soul's daring passion stands confess'd;
Beyond or love's or friendship's sacred band,
Beyond myself, I prize my native land:
On this foundation would I build my fame,

And emulate the Greek and Roman name;
Think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,
And die with pleasure for my country's good.

XVIII. *King Henry the Fourth, Northumberland, and Hotspur.*

K. Henry. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities;
And you have found me: for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be feared, than my condition,
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

North. My good lord,
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd
As was deliver'd to your majesty.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home.
He was perfumed like a milliner:
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose; and still he smil'd, and talk'd;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse

Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me: amongst the rest demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I, then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or should not; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (Heav'n save the mark!)
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was spermaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow has destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd, indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not this report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

North. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told!
May reasonably die; and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Henry. Why yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso and exception,

That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, old Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason, and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No: on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war: to prove that true,
Needs but one tongue; for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of sweet Severn's flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor ever could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Henry. Thou dost belie him, Percy; thou bely'st him;
He never did encounter with Glendower;
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.
—Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it. [*Exit K. H.*

Hot. I will not send them—I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? Stay, and pause awhile.

Hot. Not speak of Mortimer?
Yes, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll hollow Mortimer!
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

North. My son, farewell.—No further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly)
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;

Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once
(As I will fashion it) shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
Hot. Father, adieu!—O let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans, applaud our sport.

XIX. *King Henry, and the Prince of Wales.*

K. Henry. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference; but be near
At hand, for we shall presently have need of you.——
[*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether Heav'n will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe,—That thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance of the rod of Heav'n,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such base, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?
P. Henry. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As in reproof of many tales devis'd,
I may for some things true, wherein my youth

Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Henry. Heaven pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections which do hold wing
Quite from the field of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supply'd;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But like a comet I was wonder'd at:
That men would tell their children, "This is he;"
Others would say, "Where? Which is Bolingbroke?"
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burnt;
Grew a companion to the common streets,
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou:
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
With vile participation; now there's not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth what I would not have it do,

Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Henry. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. Henry. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then,
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou, the shadow of succession:
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
What never dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas!
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell this news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Who art my near and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough——through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen——
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and curt'sy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

P. Henry. Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And Heaven forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:
For every honour sitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes: and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to a strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of Heav'n, I promise here:
The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Henry. A hundred thousand rebels die in this.
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust therein;
Our hands are full of business; let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat while we delay.

XX. *Vanoc and Valens, in the Tragedy of the Briton.*

Van. Now, Tribune:—
Val. Health to Vanoc.
Van. Speak your business.
Val. I come not as an herald, but a friend:
And I rejoice that Didius chose out me
To greet a prince in my esteem the foremost.
Van. So much for words.—Now to your purpose, Tribune.
Val. Sent by our new lieutenant, who in Rome
And since from me has heard of your renown,
I come to offer peace; to reconcile
Past enmities; to strike perpetual league
With Vanoc; whom our emperor invites
To terms of friendship; strictest bonds of union.
Van. We must not hold a friendship with the Romans.
Val. Why must you not?
Van. Virtue forbids it.
Val. Once
You thought our friendship was your greatest glory.
Van. I thought you honest.—I have been deceiv'd.—
Would you deceive me twice? No, Tribune; no!
You sought for war,—maintain it as you may.
Val. Believe me, Prince, your vehemence of spirit,
Prone ever to extremes, betrays your judgment.
Would you once coolly reason on our conduct,——
Van. Oh, I have scann'd it thoroughly—Night and day
I think it over, and I think it base;
Most infamous! let who will judge—but Romans.
Did not my wife, did not my menial servant,
Seducing each the other, both conspire
Against my crown, against my fame, my life?

Did they not levy war and wage rebellion?
And when I would assert my right and power
As king and husband, when I would chastise
Two most abandon'd wretches—who but Romans
Oppos'd my justice and maintain'd their crimes?

Val. At first the Romans did not interpose,
But griev'd to see their best allies at variance.
Indeed, when you turn'd justice into rigour,
And ev'n that rigour was pursu'd with fury,
We undertook to mediate for the queen,
And hop'd to moderate——

Van. To moderate——
What would you moderate?—my indignation;
The just resentment of a virtuous mind?
To mediate for the queen! You undertook?—
Wherein concern'd it you? But as you love
To exercise your insolence! Are you
To arbitrate my wrongs? Must I ask leave,
Must I be taught to govern my own household?
Am I then void of reason and of justice?
When in my family offences rise,
Shall strangers, saucy intermeddlers, say,
Thus far, and thus you are allow'd to punish?
When I submit to such indignities;
When I am tam'd to that degree of slavery——
Make me a citizen, a senator of Rome,
To watch, to live upon the smile of Claudius;
To give my wife and children to his pleasures,
To sell my country with my voice for bread.

Val. Prince, you insult upon this day's success,
You may provoke too far—but I am cool—
I give your answer scope.

Van. Who shall confine it?
The Romans?—Let them rule their slaves—I blush,

That, dazzled in my youth with ostentation,
The trappings of the men seduc'd my virtue.
Val. Blush rather that you are a slave to passion;
Subservient to the wildness of your will;
Which, like a whirlwind, tears up all your virtues,
And gives you not the leisure to consider.
Did not the Romans civilize you?——
Van. No. They brought new customs and new vices over,
Taught us more arts than honest men require,
And gave us wants that nature never knew.
Val. We found you naked——
Van. And you found us free.——
Val. Would you be temperate once, and hear me out—
Van. Speak things that honest men may hear with temper,
Speak the plain truth, and varnish not your crimes.
Say that you once were virtuous—long ago
A frugal hardy people, like the Britons,
Before you grew thus elegant in vice,
And gave your luxuries the name of virtues.
The civilisers!—the disturbers, say;——
The robbers, the corrupters of mankind,——
Proud vagabonds!—who make the world your home
And lord it where you have no right.
What virtue have you taught?
Val. Humanity.
Van. Oh, patience!
Val. Can you disown a truth confessed by all?
A praise, a glory known in barbarous climes?
For as our legions march they carry knowledge,
The arts, the laws, the discipline of life.
Our conquests are indulgences, and we
Not masters, but protectors of mankind.
Van. Prevaricating, false,—most courteous tyrants;
Romans! Rare patterns of humanity!

Came you then here, thus far through waves to conquer,
To waste, to plunder, out of mere compassion?
Is it humanity that prompts you on
To ravage the whole earth, to burn, destroy?
To raise the cry of widows and of orphans?
To lead in bonds the generous free-born princes,
Who spurn, who fight against your tyranny?
Happy for us, and happy for you spoilers,
Had your humanity ne'er reach'd our world——
It is a virtue—(so it seems you call it)
A Roman virtue that has cost you dear:——
And dearer shall it cost if Vanoc lives.——
Or if we die, we shall leave those behind us
Who know the worth of British liberty.

Val. I mean not to reproach your ancestors.
Untaught, uncultivated as they were,
Inhospitable, fiery, and ferocious;
Lions in spirit, cruel beyond men;
Your altars reeking oft with human blood:
Nor will I urge you further on your merits.
I come instructed, Sir, to offer, peace,——
The peace that Didius offers, Valens sues for;
Propose your terms, and you will find me forward
To win the Roman general to compliance,
And to deserve once more the name of friend.

Van. Deliver up the queen, send back my daughter:
This done we may be brought to treat of peace.

Val. Therein the dignity, the faith of Claudius,
Would highly suffer.

Van. Is then the dignity,
The faith of Claudius, founded on injustice?
Is it his glory to protect a traitress,
A base, a profligate, adulterous woman?
Fit emperor indeed to govern Romans!

Val. Yet after this you married Cartismand!
Van. I was ambitious,—that I learn'd from you.
That I did wed with treachery, and was a friend
To Romans, is the whole reproach of Vanoc.
But they and she combin'd have clear'd my honour,
And when I stain it by forgiving either,
Let my own subjects brand me for a coward.
Val. Talk not of honour, Prince, an empty sound,
The vaunting of a Briton in his choler!——
To me at least you should have spar'd the boast:
You can renounce your word, we know, at pleasure,
Forget past services, worn marks of kindness;
Then quarrel with your friends to free the debt,
And sacrifice all faith to your resentments.
Van. This accusation I can hear unmov'd,
It sullies not my soul, nor taints my fame.
It is a slander——I expect no better.
Val. Do I calumniate? ungrateful Vanoc,
Perfidious Prince! Is it a calumny
To say that Gwendolen, betroth'd to Yvor,
Was by her father first assur'd to Valens?
By solemn promises you made her mine;
And I, by faithful services, deserv'd her.
What have I done to merit this injustice?
Van. My daughter!—No!—
Were it to save her life, she would not wed
A Roman.
Val. Then hear me, proud Cornavian!——
Unthinking Prince, I take you at your word;
Nor shall you forfeit it a second time.
She shall not wed, she shall not be a wife,
But she shall be a slave;—and to a Roman!
The wretched mother shall she be of slaves,
And live to curse her offspring and her father!

I will not ask your leave to use my captive
As I please:—She is my right; my property.
We thank you that there needs no further courtship.
I can command her, and she must comply.
Fortune is just:—what you refuse, she gives,
And Vanoc suffers for his breach of promise.

Van. Hence, menacer!—nor tempt me into rage.—
This roof protects thy rashness; but begone.
I cannot answer for my indignation.
If thou should'st dare to violate my child,
Or but pollute her cheek with one rude kiss,
What heavy vengeance shall I not require!——
Nor man nor woman, nor the new-born infant,
Nor any thing that's Roman, will I spare;
But in the bitterness of wrath destroy.
And for thy lewd ill-manner'd threats, remember,
That I henceforward do abjure all peace:
Nor shall you buy my friendship with your empire.
Away!—Alan, conduct the Tribune forth:——
And let him pass unquestion'd. [*Exit.*

Val. The king is much incens'd,—alas! he knows not
How far a lover's tongue belies his heart!——
Mine are fond menaces; the throes of love.
O Gwendolen, amidst thy charms secure,
Still doth thou reign, whatever I endure.
Thy beauty and thy innocence combin'd,
At once inflame and overawe my mind.

XXI. *Brutus and Cassius.*

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter (praying on his side

Because I knew the man) was slighted of.
Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.
Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, be assur'd, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember.
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay not me:
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in: I am a soldier
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to! you *are* not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are *not.*
Cas. Urge me no more; I shall forget myself:
Have mind upon your health: tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cas. O gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! aye, more. Fret till your proud heart break:
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? Never, Cassius!
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way—you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say better?——

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?——

Bru. No.

Cas. What! durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means:
No, Cassius, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods! with all your thunderbolts
Dash him in pieces.

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did *not:* he was a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart.
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do *not.* Still you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they did appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony! and young Octavius, come!
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius:
For Cassius is a-weary of the world—
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd;

Set in a note book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh I could weep
My spirit from my eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast—within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou need'st a Roman's, take it forth;
I that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar, for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger.
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a man,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too. [*Embracing.*

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius: and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

PART IV.

REFLEXION AND ARGUMENT.

I. *Brutus's Soliloquy upon killing Cæsar.*

It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him;
But for the general. He would be crown'd——
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking: crown him—that——
And then I grant we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from pow'r: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upwards turns his face;
But when he once attains the utmost round,
He then upon the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may:
Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,

Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

II. *Hamlet's Soliloquy on his own Conduct.*

Oh, what a wretch and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage warm'd:
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free;
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculty of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled fellow, peak,
Like John-a-dreams; unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A base defeat was made. It cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region-kites
With this slave's offal!

About my brains! Hum! I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before my uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be a devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this; the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

III. *Hamlet's Soliloquy on Life and Death.*

To be, or not to be?—that is the question.—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die—to sleep;
No more: and by a sleep, to say, we end
The heart-ache, and a thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to;—'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die—to sleep——
To sleep! perchance to dream!——ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.—There's the respect

That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes;
When he himself might his *quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardles bear
To groan and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death
(That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And loose the name of action.

IV. *Hamlet and Captain.*

Ham. Good Sir, whose powers are these?
Capt. They are of Norway, Sir.
Ham. How propos'd, Sir, I pray you?
Capt. Against some part of Poland.
Ham. Who commands them, Sir?
Capt. The nephew of old Norway, Fortinbras.
Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, Sir,
Or for some frontier?
Capt. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That has in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats, five—I would not farm it.
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.
Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.
Capt. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.
Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shews no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, Sir.
Capt. God be wi'ye, Sir. [*Exit Captain*
Ham. How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast; no more.
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To rust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,——
(A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever, three parts coward)—I do not know,
Why yet I live to say, "This thing's to do;"
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to stir without great argument;

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
Th' imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a phantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds! fight for a plot,
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause;
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain.—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

V. *Cato's Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul.*

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing hope; this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me:
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue,
And that which he delights in must be happy.

But when, or where?—This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.
Thus am I doubly arm'd.—My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This, in a moment, brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point:
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

VI. *The Judgment of Hercules.*

Now had the son of Jove, mature, attain'd
The joyful prime, when youth, elate and gay,
Steps into life; and follows, unrestrain'd,
Where passion leads, or prudence points the way.
In the pure mind, at those ambiguous years,
Or vice, rank weed, first strikes her pois'nous root;
Or haply virtue's op'ning bud appears
By just degree, fair bloom of fairest fruit:
For, if on youth's untainted thought imprest,
The gen'rous purpose still shall warm the manly breast.

As on a day, reflecting on his age,
For highest deeds now ripe, Alcides sought
Retirement, nurse of contemplation sage;
Step following step, and thought succeeding thought:

Musing, with steady path the youth pursu'd
His walk, and, lost in meditation, stray'd
Far in a lonely vale, with solitude
Conversing; while intent his mind survey'd
The dubious path of life; before him lay,
Here, Virtue's rough ascent; there, Pleasure's flow'ry way.

Much did the view divide his wavering mind:
Now glow'd his breast with gen'rous thirst of fame;
Now love of ease to softer thoughts inclin'd
His yielding soul, and quench'd the rising flame.
When, lo! far off, two female forms he spies;
Direct to him their steps they seem to bear;
Both large and tall, exceeding human size;
Both, far exceeding human beauty, fair.
Graceful, yet each with different grace, they move;
This, striking sacred awe; that, softer winning love.

The first, in native dignity surpass'd;
Artless and unadorn'd, she pleas'd the more:
Health o'er her looks a genuine lustre cast;
A vest, more white than new-fall'n snow, she wore.
August she trode, yet modest was her air;
Serene her eye, yet darting heav'nly fire.
Still she drew near; and nearer still more fair,
More mild appear'd: yet such as might inspire
Pleasure corrected with an awful fear;
Majestically sweet, and amiably severe.

The other dame seem'd ev'n of fairer hue:
But bold her mien; unguarded rov'd her eye;
And her flush'd cheeks confess'd, at nearer view,
The borrow'd blushes of an artful dye.

All soft and delicate, with airy swim,
Lightly she danc'd along; her robe betray'd,
Through the clear texture, every tender limb,
Height'ning the charms it only seem'd to shade;
And as it flow'd adown, so loose and thin,
Her stature show'd more tall; more snowy-white her skin.

"Dear Hercules (says she), whence this delay?
Dear youth, what doubts can thus distract thy mind?
Securely follow where I lead the way,
And range through wilds of pleasure unconfin'd.
With me retire, from noise, and pain, and care;
Embath'd in bliss, and wrapt in endless ease:
Rough is the road to fame, through blood and war;
Smooth is my way, and all my paths are peace.
With me retire, from toils and perils free:
Leave honour to the wretch; pleasures were made for thee."

By this arriv'd the fair majestic maid:
(She all the while, with the same modest pace,
Compos'd, advanc'd.) "Know, Hercules," she said,
With manly tone, "thy birth of heav'nly race.
Thy tender age, that lov'd instruction's voice,
Promis'd thee gen'rous, patient, brave, and wise,
When manhood should confirm thy glorious choice;
Now expectation waits to see thee rise.
Rise, youth! exalt thyself, and me: approve
Thy high descent from Heav'n, and dare be worthy Jove.

"But what truth prompts, my tongue shall not disguise:
The steep ascent must be with toil subdu'd;
Watchings and cares must win the lofty prize
Proposed by Heav'n:—true bliss, and real good.

Honour rewards the brave and bold alone;
She spurns the timorous, indolent, and base:
Danger and toil stand stern before her throne,
And guard (so Jove commands) the sacred place:
Who seeks her must the mighty cost sustain,
And pay the price of fame—labour, and care, and pain."

"Hear'st thou what monsters then thou must engage;
What danger, gentle youth, she bids thee prove?
(Abrupt, says Sloth.) Ill fit thy tender age
Tumult and wars; fit age for joy and love.
Turn, gentle youth, to me, to love, and joy;
To these I lead: no monsters here shall stay
Thine easy course; no cares thy peace annoy:
I lead to bliss, a nearer, smoother way.
Short is my way; fair, easy, smooth, and plain:
Turn, gentle youth; with me eternal pleasures reign."

"Vast happiness enjoy thy gay allies!"
(Virtue with scorn reply'd:)
"A youth, of follies: an old age, of cares;
Young, yet enervate; old, yet never wise:
Vice wastes their vigour, and their mind impairs.
Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtless ease,
Reserving woes for age, their prime they spend;
All wretched, hopeless, in the evil days,
With sorrow, to the verge of life they tend.
Griev'd with the present, of the past asham'd;
They live, and are despis'd: they die, nor more are nam'd.

"But with the gods, and godlike men, I dwell:
Me, his supreme delight, th' Almighty Sire
Regards well pleas'd: whatever works excel,
All, or divine or human, I inspire.

Counsel with strength, and industry with art,
In union meet conjoin'd, with me reside:
My dictates arm, instruct, and mend the heart;
The surest policy, the wisest guide.
With me true friendship dwells: she deigns to bind
Those gen'rous souls alone whom I before have join'd."

Her words breathe fire celestial, and impart
New vigour to his soul, that sudden caught
The gen'rous flame: with great intent his heart
Swells full, and labours with exalted thought:
The mist of error from his eyes dispell'd,
Through all her fraudful arts in clearest light
Sloth in her native form he now beheld;
Unveil'd she stood, confess'd before his sight:
False Syren!—All her vaunted charms, that shone
So fresh erewhile and fair, now wither'd, pale, and gone.

VII. *Mr. Pym's Speech at the opening of the Charge of High Treason against Lord Strafford.*

My lords,—We stand here by the command of the knights, citizens, and burgesses, now assembled for the commons in parliament; and we are ready to make good that impeachment whereby Thomas, Earl of Strafford, stands charged in their name, and in the name of all the commons of England, with high treason.

This, my lords, is a great cause; and we might sink under the weight of it, and be astonished with the lustre of this noble assembly, if there were not in the cause strength and vigour to support itself and to encourage us. It is the cause of the king; it concerns his majesty in the honour of his

government, in the safety of his person, in the stability of his crown. It is the cause of the kingdom: it concerns not only the peace and prosperity, but even the being of the kingdom. We have that piercing eloquence, the cries, and groans, and tears, and prayers, of all the subjects, assisting us. We have the three kingdoms, England, and Scotland, and Ireland, in travail and agitation with us, bowing themselves like the hinds spoken of in Job, to cast out their sorrows.

Truth and goodness, my lords, they are the beauty of the soul: they are the perfection of all created natures; they are the image and character of God upon the creatures.

This beauty evil spirits and evil men have lost; but yet there are none so wicked but they desire to march under the show and shadow, though they hate the reality, of it.

This unhappy earl, now the object of your lordships' justice, has taken as much care, has used as much cunning, to set a face and countenance of honesty and justice upon his actions, as he has been negligent to observe the rules of honesty in the performance of all these actions. My lords, it is the greatest baseness of wickedness, that it dares not look in its own colours, nor be seen in its natural countenance; but virtue, as it is amiable in all respects, so the least is not this,—that it puts a nobleness, it puts a bravery, upon the mind, and lifts it above hopes and fears, above favour and displeasure; it makes it always uniform and constant to itself.

The service commanded me, and my colleagues here, is to shake off those visors of truth and uprightness which have been sought to be put upon this cause, and to show you his actions, and his intention, in their own natural blackness and deformity. My lords, he has put on a visor of truth in these words, wherein he says, that he should be in his defence more careful to observe truth than to gain advantage to himself: he says, he would rather endure any

thing than be saved by falsehood; if it were really true, it was a brave and noble expression.

My lords, he has likewise put on the visor of goodness on his actions, when he desires to recite his services, in a great many particulars, as if they were beneficial to the commonwealth and state; whereas we shall prove them mischievous and dangerous. It is left upon me, my lords, to take off these visors and appearances of truth and goodness in that part of his answer which is the preamble, and that I shall do with as much faithfulness and brevity as I can.

VIII. *Lord Digby's Speech upon the Trial of Lord Strafford.*

Mr. Speaker,—We are now upon the point of giving (as much as in us lies) the final sentence upon death or life on a great minister of state, and peer of this kingdom, Thomas, Earl of Strafford, a name of hatred in the present age by his practices, and fit to be made a terror to future ages by his punishment.

I had the honour to be employed by the house in this great business from the first hour that it was taken into consideration: it was a matter of great trust, and I will say, with confidence, that I have served the house in it, both with industry according to my ability, and with most exact faithfulness and secrecy: and as I have hitherto discharged my duty to this house, and to my country, in the progress of this great cause, so I trust I shall do now to God, and to my conscience.

It is honest, it is noble, to be earnest, in order to the discovery of truth; but when that hath been brought as far as it can to light, our judgment thereupon ought to be calm and cautious.

In prosecutions upon probable grounds, we are account-

able only for our industry or remissness; but in judgment we are deeply responsible to the Almighty for its rectitude or obliquity. In cases of life and death, the judge is God's steward of the party's blood, and must give a strict account for every drop: and this, Mr. Speaker, forms the true ground of difference in me now from what I was formerly.

The truth of it is, Sir, the same ground, whereupon I, with the rest of the five to whom you first committed the consideration of my Lord Strafford, brought down our opinion that it was fit he should be accused of treason: upon the same ground I was engaged with earnestness upon his prosecution; and had the same ground remained in that force of belief with me, which till very lately it did, I should not have been tender in his condemnation; but truly, Sir, to deal plainly with you, that ground of our accusation, that spur to our prosecution, and that which should be the basis of my judgment of the Earl of Strafford as unto treason, is, to my understanding, quite vanished away, and this was, Mr. Speaker, his advising the King to employ the army of Ireland to reduce England; this was that whereupon I accused him with a free heart, prosecuted him with earnestness, and, had it to my understanding been proved, should have condemned him with innocence; whereas I cannot now satisfy my conscience to do it.

I profess I can have no notion of any body's intent to subvert the laws treasonably, or by force, without the appearance of force; and this design of force not appearing, all his other wicked practices cannot amount so high with me. I can find a more easy, and more natural spring, from whence to derive all his other crimes, than from an intent to bring to tyranny, and to make his own posterity, as well as us, slaves; as from revenge, from pride, from avarice, from passion, and insolence of nature. I do not say but these may represent him a man worthy to die, perhaps worthier than

many a traitor. I do not say, but they may justly direct us to enact that they shall be treason for the future; but God keep me from giving judgment of death on any man, and of ruin to his innocent posterity, upon a law made *à posteriori*. Let the mark be set on the door where the plague is, and then let him that will enter die.

Let me therefore conclude in saying that unto you all, which I have thoroughly inculcated to my own conscience on this occasion; let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and seriously consider what we are going to do with a breath; either justice, or murder; justice on one side, or murder, heightened and aggravated to its extremest extent, on the other.

Let every man, therefore, purge his heart clear of all passions; (I know this great and wise body-politic can have none, but I speak to individuals, from the weakness which I find in myself;) away with personal animosities, away with all flatteries to the people, in being the sharper against him, because he is odious to them; away with all fears, lest, by sparing his blood, they may be incensed; away with all such considerations as, that it is not fit for a parliament that one accused by it of treason should escape with life. Let not former vehemence of any against him, nor fear from thence that he cannot be safe while this man lives, be an ingredient in the sentence of any one of us.

Of all these corruptives of judgment, Mr. Speaker, I do, before God, discharge myself to the uttermost of my power; and do, with a clear conscience, wash my hands of this man's blood, by this solemn protestation, that my vote goes not to the taking of the Earl of Strafford's life.

IX. *Lord Strafford's Speech before Sentence passed upon him, by the Lords, for Treason.*

My lords,—As this species of treason of which I am accused by the commons is entirely new and unknown to the laws, so is the species of proof by which they pretend to fix that guilt upon me. They have invented a kind of accumulative or constructive evidence: by which many actions, either totally innocent in themselves, or criminal in a much inferior degree, shall, when united, amount to treason, and subject the person to the highest penalties inflicted by the laws. A hasty and unguarded word, a rash and passionate action, assisted by the malevolent fancy of the accuser, and tortured by doubtful constructions, is transmuted into the deepest guilt; and the lives and fortunes of the whole nation, no longer protected by justice, are subjected to arbitrary will and pleasure.

Where has this species of guilt lain so long concealed? Where has this fire been so long buried, during so many centuries, that no smoke should appear till it burst out at once to consume me and my children? Better it were to live under no law at all, and, by the maxims of a cautious prudence, to conform ourselves the best we can to the arbitrary will of a master, than fancy we have a law on which we can rely, and which shall inflict a punishment, precedent to the promulgation, and try us by maxims unheard of till the very moment of the prosecution. If I sail on the Thames, and split my vessel on an anchor, in case there be no buoy to give me warning, the party shall pay the damages; but if the anchor be marked out, then is the striking on it at my own peril. Where is the mark set upon this crime? It has lain concealed under water, and no human prudence, no

human innocence, could save me from the destruction with which I am at present threatened.

It is now full two hundred and forty years since treasons were defined, and so long has it been since any man was touched to this extent, upon this crime, before myself. We have lived, my lords, happily to ourselves at home; we have lived gloriously abroad to the world; let us be content with what our fathers have left us: let not our ambition carry us to be more learned than they were in these killing and destructive arts. Great wisdom it will be in your lordships, and just providence for yourselves, for your posterities, for the whole kingdom, to cast from you into the fire these bloody and mysterious volumes of arbitrary and constructive treasons, as the primitive christians did their books of curious arts, and betake yourselves to the plain letter of the statute, which tells you where the crime is, and points out the path by which you may avoid it. Let us not, to our own destruction, awake those sleeping lions, by rattling up a company of old records, which have for so many ages hung by the wall, forgotten and neglected. To all my afflictions add not this, my lords, (the most severe of any) that I, for my other sins, not for my treasons, be the means of introducing a precedent so pernicious to the laws and liberties of my native country. However these gentlemen at the bar say they speak for the commonwealth, and they believe so: yet, under favour, it is I who, in this particular, speak for the commonwealth. Precedents like those which are endeavoured to be established against me, must draw along such inconveniences and miseries, that in a few years the kingdom will be in a condition expressed in a statute of Henry the Fourth; and no man shall know by what rule to govern his words and actions. Impose not, my lords, difficulties insurmountable upon ministers of state; nor disable them from serving with cheerfulness their

king and country. If you examine them, and under such severe penalties, by every grain, by every little weight, the scrutiny will be intolerable; the public affairs of the kingdom must be left waste; and no wise man, who has any honour or fortune to lose, will ever engage himself in such dreadful, such unknown perils.

My lords, I have now troubled your lordships a great deal longer than I should have done. Were it not for the interest of these pledges, which a saint in heaven left me, I should be loth—What I forfeit for myself is nothing—but I confess, that my indiscretion should forfeit for them, it wounds me very deeply. You will be pleased to pardon my infirmity: something I should have said, but I see I shall not be able, therefore I shall leave it.

And now, my lords, I thank God I have been, by his blessing, sufficiently instructed in the extreme vanity of all temporary enjoyments, compared to the importance of our eternal duration. And so, my lords, even so, with all humility and with all tranquillity of mind, I submit clearly and freely to your judgment. And whether that righteous judgment be to life or death, I shall repose myself, full of gratitude and confidence, in the arms of the Great Author of my existence.

X. *Lord Mansfield's Speech upon reversing the Sentence of Outlawry against Wilkes.*

These are the errors which have been objected, and this the manner and form in which they are assigned. For the reasons I have given, I cannot allow any of them. It was our duty as well as our inclination, sedulously to consider, whether upon any other ground, or in any other light,

we could find an informality which we might allow, with satisfaction to our minds, and avow to the world.

But here let me pause——

It is fit to take some notice of the various terrors hung out; the numerous crowds which have attended, and now attend, in and about the hall, out of all reach of hearing what passes in Court; and the tumults which, in other places, have shamefully insulted all order and government. Audacious addresses in print dictate to us, from those they call the people, the judgment to be given now, and afterwards upon the conviction. Reasons of policy are urged from danger to the kingdom, by commotions and general confusion.

Give me leave to take the opportunity of this great and respectable audience, to let the world know, all such attempts are vain. Unless we have been able to find an error, which will bear us out to reverse the outlawry, it must be affirmed. The constitution does not allow reasons of state to influence our judgments. God forbid it should! We must not regard political consequences, how formidable soever they might be; if rebellion were the certain consequence, we are bound to say, *fiat justitia ruat cælum.*

I pass over many anonymous letters I have received. Those in print are public; amd some of them have been brought judicially before the Court. Whoever the writers are, they take the wrong way. I will do my duty unawed. What am I to fear? that *mendax infamia* from the press, which daily coins false facts and false motives? The lies of calumny carry no terror to me. I trust that the temper of my mind, and the colour and conduct of my life, have given me a suit of armour against these arrows. If, during this king's reign, I have ever supported his government, and assisted his measures, I have done it upon the points,

themselves, without mixing in party or faction, and without any collateral views. I honour the king, and respect the people; but many things acquired by the favour of either are, in my account of objects, not worth ambition. I wish popularity; but it is that popularity which follows, not that which is run after; it is that popularity, which, sooner or later, never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means. I will not do that which my conscience tells me is wrong upon this occasion, to gain the huzzas of thousands, or the daily praise of all the papers which come from the press; I will not avoid doing what I think right though it should draw on me the whole artillery of libels; all that falsehood or malice can invent, or the credulity of a deluded populace can swallow. I can say with a great magistrate, upon an occasion and under circumstances not unlike, "*Ego hoc animo semper fui, ut invidiam virtute par-*" *tam, gloriam, non invidiam putarem.*"

The threats go farther than abuse. Personal violence is denounced. I do not believe it. It is not the genius of the worst of men in this country, in the worst of times. But I have set my mind at rest. The last end that can happen to any man, never comes too soon if he falls in the support of the law and liberty of his country (for liberty is synonymous to law and government). Such a shock too might be productive of public good: it might awake the better part of the kingdom out of that lethargy which seems to have benumbed them; and bring the mad part back to their senses, as men intoxicated are sometimes stunned into sobriety.

From the precedents we have seen, it appears that a series of judgments have required a technical form of words in the description of the county court at which an outlaw is exacted. If we were compelled by authority to

look upon this form of words as technically necessary, it is certain, upon this occasion, that it is wanting.

Therefore I am of opinion that in a criminal case, highly penal, technical terms ought not to be departed from; and therefore I am bound to say, that, for want of these technical words, the outlawry ought to be reversed.

XI. *Lord Mansfield's Speech in the House of Lords, 1770, on the Bill for the further preventing the Delays of Justice, by reason of Privilege of Parliament.*

My lords—When I consider the importance of this bill to your lordships, I am not surprised it has taken up so much of your consideration. It is a bill, indeed, of no common magnitude; it is no less than to take away from two-thirds of the legislative body of this great kingdom certain privileges and immunities of which they have been long possessed. Perhaps there is no situation the human mind can be placed in, that is so difficult and so trying, as when it is made a judge in its own cause. There is something implanted in the breast of man, so attached to self, so tenacious of privileges once obtained, that, in such a situation, either to discuss with impartiality, or decide with justice, has ever been held as the summit of all human virtue. The bill now in question puts your lordships in this very predicament; and I doubt not but the wisdom of your decision will convince the world, that where self interest and justice are in opposite scales, the latter will ever preponderate with your lordships.

This bill has been frequently proposed, and as frequently miscarried; but it was always lost in the Lower House. Little did I think, when it had passed the Commons, that

it possibly could have met with such opposition here. Shall it be said, that you, my lords, the grand council of the nation, the highest judicial and legislative body of the realm, endeavour to evade, by privilege, those very laws which you enforce on your fellow-subjects !—Forbid it, Justice !—I am sure, were the noble lords as well acquainted as I am with but half the difficulties and delays occasioned in the courts of justice under the pretence of privilege, they would not, nay, they could not, oppose this bill.

I have waited with patience to hear what arguments might be urged against the bill, but I have waited in vain: the truth is, there is no argument that can weigh against it. The justice and expediency of the bill are such as render it self-evident. It is a proposition of that nature, that can neither be weakened by argument, nor entangled with sophistry. Much, indeed, has been said by some noble lords on the wisdom of our ancestors, and how differently they thought from us. They not only decreed, that privilege should prevent all civil suits from proceeding during the sitting of parliament, but likewise granted protection to the very servants of members. I shall say nothing on the wisdom of our ancestors; it might perhaps appear invidious; that is not necessary in the present case. I shall only say, that the noble lords who flatter themselves with the weight of that reflection, should remember, that as circumstances alter, things themselves should alter. Formerly it was not so fashionable either for masters or servants to run in debt as it is at present. Formerly, we were not that great commercial nation we are at present ; nor, formerly, were merchants and manufacturers members of parliaments, as at present. The case is now very different ; both merchants and manufacturers are, with great propriety, elected members of the Lower House. Commerce having thus got into the legislative body of the kingdom, privilege must be done

away. We all know that the very soul and essence of trade are regular payments; and sad experience teaches us, that there are men, who will not make their regular payments without the compulsive power of the laws. The law then ought to be equally open to all: any exemption to particular men or particular ranks of men, is, in a free and commercial country, a solecism of the grossest nature.

I come now to speak upon what indeed I would have gladly avoided, had I not been particularly pointed at for the part I have taken in this bill. It has been said by a noble lord, on my left hand, that I likewise am running the race of popularity. If the noble lord means, by *popularity*, that applause bestowed by after-ages on good and virtuous actions, I have long been struggling in that race; to what purpose, all-trying time can alone determine: but if the noble lord means that mushroon popularity, that is raised without merit, and lost without a crime, he is much mistaken in his opinion. I defy the noble lord to point out a single action of my life, where the popularity of the times ever had the smallest influence on my determinations. I thank God, I have a more permanent and steady rule for my conduct,—the dictates of my own breast. Those that have foregone that pleasing adviser, and given up their mind to the slave of every popular impulse, I sincerely pity: I pity them still more, if their vanity leads them to mistake the shouts of a mob for the trumpet of fame. Experience might inform them, that many who have been saluted with the huzzas of a crowd one day, have received their execrations the next; and many, who, by the popularity of their times, have been held up as spotless patriots, have, nevertheless, appeared upon the historian's page, when truth has triumphed over delusion, the assassins of liberty.

True liberty, in my opinion, can only exist when justice is equally administered to all—to the king and to the beg-

gar. Where is the justice then, or where is the law, that protects a member of parliament, more than any other man, from the punishment due to his crimes? The laws of this country allow of no place, nor no employment, to be a sanctuary for crimes; and where I have the honour to sit as judge, neither royal favour, nor popular applause, shall ever protect the guilty.

I have now only to beg pardon for having employed so much of your lordships' time; and I am sorry a bill fraught with so many good consequences has not met with an abler advocate: but I doubt not your lordships' determination will convince the world, that a bill calculated to contribute so much to the equal distribution of justice as the present, requires with your lordships but very little support.

XII. *Douglas's Account of the Hermit.*

Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
And inaccessible by shepherds trod,
In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
A hermit lived;—a melancholy man,
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
Water his drink, his food the shepherd's alms.
I went to see him; and my heart was touch'd
With reverence and pity. Mild he spake,
And, entering on discourse, such stories told,
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
For he had been a soldier in his youth;
And fought in famous battles, when the peers
Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
Against th' usurping infidels display'd

The blessed cross, and won the Holy Land.
Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
His years away, and act his young encounters:
Then, having show'd his wounds, he'd sit him down,
And, all the live-long day, discourse of war.
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
He cut the figures of the marshal'd hosts;
Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
Of the deep column and the lengthen'd line,
The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm:
For all that Saracen or Christian knew
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

XIII. *The different Degrees of Beauty in different Species of Objects.*

Thus with a faithful aim have we presum'd,
Advent'rous, to delineate Nature's form;
Whether in vast, majestic pomp array'd,
Or drest for pleasing wonder, or serene
In beauty's rosy smile. It now remains,
Through various beings' fair-proportion'd scale,
To trace the rising lustre of her charms,
From their first twilight, shining forth at length
To full meridian splendour. Of degree
The least and lowliest, in th' effusive warmth
Of colours, mingling with a random blaze,
Doth beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
And variation of determined shape,
Where truth's eternal measures mark the bound
Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent
Unites this various symmetry of parts
With colour's bland allurement; as the pearl
Shines in the concave of its azure bed,

And painted shells indent their speckled wreaths.
Then more attractive rise the blooming forms
Through which the breath of nature has infus'd
Her genial pow'r, to draw with pregnant veins
Nutritious moisture from the bounteous earth,
In fruit and seed prolific: thus the flow'rs
Their purple honours with the spring resume,
And such the stately tree which autumn bends
With blushing treasures. But more lovely still
Is nature's charm, where to the full consent
Of complicated members, to the bloom
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame and piercing sense are giv'n,
And active motion speaks the temper'd soul:
So moves the bird of Juno: so the steed
With rival ardour beats the dusty plain,
And faithful dogs, with eager airs of joy,
Salute their fellows. Thus doth beauty dwell
There most conspicuous, even in outward shape,
Where dawns the high expression of a mind;
By steps conducting our enraptur'd search
To that eternal Origin, whose pow'r
Through all th' unbounded symmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent sun,
This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd.
Mind, mind alone, bear witness earth and heav'n!
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here, hand in hand,
Sit paramount the Graces: here, enthron'd,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never fading joy.
Look then abroad through nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres
Wheeling, unshaken, through the void immense;

And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose,
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots, and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country hail!
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free!—Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship; as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams for others' woes?
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate; where honour's liberal hands effuse
Unenvy'd treasures, and the snowy wings
Of innocence and love protect the scene?

XIV. *Milton's Lamentation for the Loss of his Sight.*

Hail, holy light! offspring of heav'n first born!
Or, of th' Eternal, co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblam'd! since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity: dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate!
Or hear'st thou, rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,

Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn; while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to th' Orphéan lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt,
Clear spring or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath
That wash thy hallow'd feet and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
(So were I equall'd with them in renown!)
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides;
And Tiresias, and Phineas, prophets old;
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,

Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with an universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom, at one entrance, quite shut out.
So much the rather, thou, celestial light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes: all mist from thence
Purge and disperse; that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

XV. *The Drowning Fly.*

In yonder vase, behold a drowning fly!
Its little feet how vainly does it ply!
Its cries I understand not, yet it cries,
And tender hearts can feel its agonies.
Poor helpless victim! and will no one save,
Will no one snatch thee from the threat'ning grave?
Is there no friendly hand, no helper nigh?
And must thou, little struggler, must thou die?
Thou shalt not, while this hand can set thee free
Thou shalt not die,—this hand shall rescue thee;
My finger's tip shall prove a friendly shore;—
There, trembler, all thy dangers now are o'er;
Wipe thy wet wings, and banish all thy fear,
Go, join thy buzzing brothers in the air.
Away it flies—resumes its harmless play,
And sweetly gambols in the golden ray.
Smile not, spectators, at this humble deed;
For you, perhaps, a nobler task's decreed,—

A young and sinking family to save,
To raise the infant from destruction's wave;
To you for help the victims lift their eyes,
Oh! hear, for pity's sake, their plaintive cries;
Ere long, unless some guardian interpose,
O'er their devoted heads the flood may close.

XVI. *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.*

Descend, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats:
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.

If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs;
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds.
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
List'ning Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our Passions wage,
And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
So, when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms;
Each chief his seven-fold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade;
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms!

But when, through all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton surrounds,
Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts!

Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre!
And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!
The furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elysian flow'rs;
By those happy souls that dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bow'rs;
By the heroes' armed shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that died for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life;
Oh take the husband, or return the wife!
He sung, and hell consented
To hear the Poet's prayer:
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell;

A conquest how hard, and how glorious!
Though fate had fast bound her,
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move!
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now, under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in mæanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows;
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
Ah see, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains, rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:

Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear:
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And Angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
Hers lift the soul to heav'n.——POPE.

XVII. *Ode to Truth.*

Say, will no white-rob'd Son of Light,
Swift darting from his heav'nly height,
Here deign to take his hallow'd stand;
Here wave his amber locks, unfold
His pinions, cloth'd with downy gold;
Here smiling stretch his tutelary wand;
And you, ye host of Saints, for ye have known
Each dreary path in life's perplexing maze,
Though now ye circle yon eternal throne,
With harpings high of inexpressive praise;
Will not your train descend in radiant state,
To break with mercy's beam this gathering cloud of Fate?
'Tis silence all. No son of light
Darts swiftly from his heav'nly height:

No train of radiant saints descend.
"Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,
"If guilt, if fraud, have stain'd your mind,
"Or saint to hear, or angel to defend."
So Truth proclaims. I hear the sacred sound
Burst from the centre of her burning throne,
Where aye she sits with star-wreath'd lustre crown'd;
A bright sun clasps her adamantine zone.
So Truth proclaims: her awful voice I hear;
With many a solemn pause it slowly meets my ear.
"Attend, ye sons of Men: attend, and say,
Does not enough of my refulgent ray
Break through the veil of your mortality?
Say, does not reason in this form descry
Unnumber'd, nameless glories, that surpass
The Angel's floating pomp, the Seraph's glowing grace?
Shall then your earth-born daughters vie
With me? Shall she whose brightest eye
But emulates the diamond's blaze,
Whose cheek but mocks the peach's bloom,
Whose breath the hyacinth's perfume,
Whose melting voice the warbling woodlark's lays,
Shall she be deem'd my rival? Shall a form
Of elemental dross, of mould'ring clay,
Vie with these charms imperial? The poor worm
Shall prove her contest vain. Life's little day
Shall pass, and she is gone; while I appear
Flush'd with the bloom of youth through heaven's eternal year.
Know, Mortals, know, ere first ye sprung,
Ere first these orbs in ether hung,
I shone amid the heav'nly throng;
These eyes beheld Creation's day,
This voice began the choral lay,
And taught Archangels their triumphant song.

Pleas'd I survey'd bright Nature's gradual birth,
Saw infant light with kindling lustre spread,
Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flow'ring earth,
And Ocean heave on its extended bed;
Saw the tall pine aspiring pierce the sky,
The tawny lion stalk, the rapid eagle fly.

Last, Man arose, erect in youthful grace,
Heav'n's hallow'd image stampt upon his face;
And, as he rose, the high behest was giv'n,
'That I, alone of all the host of heav'n,
'Should reign protectress of the godlike youth.'
Thus the Almighty spake; he spake, and call'd me
Truth."

PART V.

GRIEF AND TENDERNESS.

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1. *Hamlet's Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage.*

Oh that this too—too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead? nay, not so much; not two;——
So excellent a king, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother,
That he permitted not the winds of heav'n
Visit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; yet within a month,——
Let me not think——Frailty, thy name is Woman!
A little month! or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears——Why she, even she——

(O Heav'n! a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourn'd longer)—married with my uncle:
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules. Within a month!
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married——Oh, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

II. *Buckingham going to Execution.*

All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; yet, Heav'n bear witness!
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying;
Go with me, like good angels, to my end:
And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heav'n.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,
And Duke of Buckingham; now poor Edward Bohun.
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,

Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; Heav'n's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd to me my honours, and, from ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father.
Yet thus far we are one in fortune—both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd:
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heav'n has an end in all. Yet you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain——
Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you are not loose: those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people
Pray for me! I must leave ye; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell! and, when you would say something sad,
Speak how I fell!—Remember Buckingham!

III. *Henry IV.'s Soliloquy on Sleep.*

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O gentle Sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why ly'st thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case to a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slipp'ry shrouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, oh partial Sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy lowly clown!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!

IV. *Soliloquy of the King in Hamlet.*

O, my offence is rank, it smells to Heav'n!
It hath the primal, eldest curse upon't—
A brother's murder!——Pray I cannot;
Though inclination be as sharp as 'twill,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,

I stand in pause where I ll first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav'ns
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two-fold force;
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up.
My fault is past.—But oh! what form of pray'r
Can serve my turn! Forgive me my foul murder!
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling; there the action lies
In its true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched state! oh bosom black as death!
Oh limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels! make essay!
Bow, stubborn knees! and heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All, all may yet be well.

V. *Cato's Speech on the Death of his Son.*

Thanks to the gods, my boy has done his duty!
Welcome, my son! Here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
—How beautiful is death when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? What pity is it,
That we can die but once to serve our country!
Alas! my friends,
Why mourn you thus? Let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts; 'tis Rome requires our tears,
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free—Rome is no more!
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!
Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdu'd,
The sun's whole course, the day and year, are Cæsar's!
For him the self-devoted Decii dy'd,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquer'd:
Ev'n Pompey fought for Cæsar. Oh, my friends,
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire, fall'n! O curst ambition!
Fall'n into Cæsar's hands! Our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.
Farewell, my friends! If there be any of you
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know there are ships prepar'd by my command,
Their sails already opening to the winds,
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near;—once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet

In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,
Who greatly in his country's cause expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there,
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Though still by faction, vice, and fortune crost,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not lost.

VI. *Hymn to Adversity.*

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade thee form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn't to melt at other's woe.

Scar'd at thy frown, terrific fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend;
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With Justice to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with thy vengeful band,
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, with ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, O Goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften, not to wound, my heart!
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a man!

VII. *Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College.*

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below

Of grove, of lawn, of mead, survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flow'rs among
Wanders the hoary THAMES along
His silver-winding way.

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shades,
Ah, fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain,
I feel the gales that from you blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father THAMES, (for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace,)
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny succeed,
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

Whilst some, on earnest bus'ness bent,
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint,
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry;
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest:
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day!
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train;
Ah, show them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey the murd'rous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind;
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd, comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.

The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse, with blood defil'd;
And moody Madness, laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath,
A grisly troop is seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That ev'ry lab'ring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies;
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more: where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

VIII. *Satan's Address to the Sun.*

O thou that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st, from thy sole dominion, like the god
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,

That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell; how glorious once above thy sphere,
Till pride, and worse ambition, threw me down,
Warring in heav'n against heaven's matchless King.
Ah, wherefore! He deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise;
The easiest recompense: and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice: lifted up so high,
I 'sdain'd subjection; and thought one step higher
Would set me high'st, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burthensome, still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged: what burthen then?
O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? some other pow'r
As great might have aspir'd, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part: but other pow'rs as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?
Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or what, t'accuse,
But Heav'n's free love, dealt equally to all?
* " Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,

* I have often thought cursing the love of God, though in the mouth Satan, too harsh even for the narrative style; but when Satan is

"To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
"Nay, curs'd be thou: since, against his, thy will
"Chose freely what it now so justly rues."
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
O then, at last, relent! Is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ah me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell;
With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery: such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace my former state, how soon
Would height recal high thoughts! how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore! Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void:
For never can true reconcilement grow

personified by a boy at school, and urged to pronounce this curse with the greatest energy, it becomes too grating to Christian ears to be borne. I would advise, therefore, that this and the three subsequent lines should be omitted, as I am much mistaken if the speech be not generally found too long and tiresome both to the speaker and hearers.

Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep;
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher; therefore as far
From granting he as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of us, outcast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created: and for him this world.
So farewell, hope! and, with hope, farewell fear!
Farewell remorse! All good to me is lost:
Evil, be thou my good! By thee, at least
Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold;
By thee—and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man, ere long, and this new world, shall know.

IX. *Antony's Funeral Oration over Cæsar's Body.*

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears!
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do, lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. Noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men,)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.—
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the gen'ral coffers fill;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause.
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.—Bear with me—
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause, till it come back to me.
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.—
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on,
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii———
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;—
See what a rent the envious Casca made;———
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd,
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd,
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
Judge, oh ye gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him;
This, this was the unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Oh what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.—
Oh, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls; what? weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.—
Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To any sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable.
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable;
And will, no doubt with reason answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend: and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on:
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

X. *Samson deploring his Captivity, and Loss of Sight.*

A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps: a little farther on;
For yonder bank has choice of sun or shade;
There I am wont to sit when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me;
Where I, a pris'ner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught. But here I feel amends;
The breath of Heav'n fresh blowing pure and sweet
With day-spring born: here leave me to respire.
This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon, their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works: unwillingly this rest
Their superstition leaves me: hence, with leave,
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place, to find some ease—
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
Oh, wherefore was my birth from heav'n foretold
'Twice by an angel, who, at last, in sight
Of both my parents, all in flames ascended
From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His god-like presence, and from some great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding order'd, and prescrib'd,

As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits, if I must die,
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out;
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze,
To grind in brazen fetters under task,
With this Heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious strength,
Put to the labour of a beast, debas'd
Lower than bond-slave. Promise was, that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke:
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine prediction; what if all foretold
Had been fulfill'd but through my own default?
Whom have I to complain of but myself?
Who, this high gift of strength committed to me,
In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,
Under the seal of silence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it,
O'ercome with importunity and tears.
O impotence of mind, in body strong!
But what is strength without a double share
Of Wisdom? Vast, unwieldly, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties; not made to rule,
But to subserve, where wisdom bears command!
God, when he gave me strength, to show withal
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.—
But peace, I must not quarrel with the will
Of highest dispensation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know;
Suffices that, to me, strength is my bane,
And proves the source of all my miseries;

So many and so huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wail; but chief of all,
Oh loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies! Oh worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me's extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd;
Inferior to the vilest now become,
Of man or worm: the vilest here excel me;
They creep, yet see: I dark, in light expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong;
Within doors or without, still as a fool
In pow'r of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live; dead more than half.
Oh dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day!
Oh first great beam, and thou great word,
"Let there be light," and light was over all!
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
The sun to me is dark,
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part; why was the sight
To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,
That she might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,

As in the land of darkness, yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And bury'd; but oh, yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave:
Bury'd, yet not exempt,
By privilege of death and burial,
From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs,
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.

XI. *The Bard.*

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
"Confusion on thy banners wait;
"Though, fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
"They mock the air with idle state!
"Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
"Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
"To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
"From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance.
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foamy flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood;

(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air;)
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
"Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
"O'er thee, O king! their hundred arms they wave,
"Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
"Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
"To high-born Hoel's harp or soft Llewellyn's lay.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
"That hush'd the stormy main:
"Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
"Mountains, ye mourn in vain
"Modred, whose magic song
"Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
"On dreary Arvon's shore they lie
"Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale;
"Far, far aloof, th' affrighted ravens sail;
"The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
"Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
"Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
"Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
"Ye died amidst your dying country's cries.——
"No more I weep. They do not sleep.
"On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
"I see them sit, they linger yet,
"Avengers of their native land:
"With me in dreadful harmony they join,
"And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
"The winding-sheet of Edward's race;

"Give ample room, and verge enough,
"The characters of hell to trace;
"Mark the year, and mark the night,
"When Severn shall re-echo with affright
"The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that ring,
"Shrieks of an agonizing king!
"She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs
"That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
"From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
"The scourge of heav'n. What terrors round him wait!
"Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,
"And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude, behind.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord,
"Low on his funeral couch he lies!
"No pitying heart, no eye, afford
"A tear to grace his obsequies.
"Is the sable warrior fled?
"Thy son is gone: he rests among the dead.
"The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born,
"Gone to salute the rising morn.
"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
"While, proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
"In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
"Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
"Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
"That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his ev'ning prey.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
"The rich repast prepare:
"Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
"Close by the regal chair
"Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
"A baneful smile upon their baffled guest.

"Heard ye the din of battle bray,
"Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
"Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,
"And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
"Ye tow'rs of Julius, London's lasting shame,
"With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
"Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
"And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
"Above, below, the rose of snow
"Twin'd with her blushing foe we spread;
"The bristled boar, in infant gore,
"Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
"Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
"Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom!

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
"(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
"Half of thy heart we consecrate.
"(The web is wove. The work is done.)——
"Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
"Leave me unbless'd, unpity'd, here to mourn:
"In yon bright track, that fires the western skies
"They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
"But, oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
"Descending slow their glitt'ring skirts unroll?
"Visions of glory! spare my aching sight:
"Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
"No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail:
"All hail, ye genuine Kings! Britannia's issue, hail!
"Girt with many a baron bold,
"Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
"And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old,
"In bearded majesty appear.
"In the midst a form divine!
"Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line!

"Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
"Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.
"What strings symphonious tremble in the air!
"What strains of vocal transport round her play!
"Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear,
"They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
"Bright Rapture calls, and, soaring as she sings,
"Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

"The verse adorn again
"Fierce War, and faithful Love,
"And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest:
"In buskin'd measures move
"Pale Grief and pleasing Pain,
"With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
"A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
"Gales from blooming Eden bear;
"And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
"That lost in long futurity expire.
"Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
"Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
"To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
"And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
"Enough for me, with joy I see
"The different doom our fates assign.
"Be thine Despair and sceptred Care;
"To triumph, and to die, are mine."
He spoke; and headlong, from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

☞ I have often hesitated at inserting Dryden's Ode on Music in the present collection, from motives of delicacy respecting the morals of pupils of a tender age, who are taught to pronounce it. No one can be more alive to the beauties of poetry than I am; but when these beauties are prostituted to the decoration of impiety, intemperance, and debauchery, they become a very serious evil in the education of youth. Mature age will distinguish between the composition and the subject; but wrong associations are not so easily separated by boys at school. If therefore I am thought too nice, I hope it will be granted to be an error on the right side; and that the collection may suffer as little as possible from the omission of this Ode, I have inserted an original one in its place, little inferior in composition, but greatly superior in every other point of view; and this, to those parents and teachers who have the morals of their pupils at heart, will be thought to be no bad exchange.

XII. *A Pindaric Ode, prefixed to Mrs. Carter's Translation of Epictetus, on the Superiority of the Christian to the Stoic Philosophy.*

Come, Epictetus! arm my breast
With thy impenetrable steel,
No more the wounds of grief to feel,
Nor mourn, by others' woes deprest.
Oh! teach my trembling heart
To scorn affliction's dart;
Teach me to mock the tyrant Pain!
For see, around me stand
A dreadful murd'rous band;
I fly their cruel power in vain!
Here lurks Distemper's horrid train,
And there the Passions lift their flaming brands;
Those, with fell rage, my helpless body tear,
While these, with daring hands,
Against the immortal soul their impious weapons rear.

Where'er I turn, fresh evils meet my eyes;
Sin, Sorrow, and Disgrace,
Pursue the human race!
There, on the bed of sickness, Virtue lies!
See Friendship bleeding by the sword
Of base Ingratitude!
See baleful Jealousy intrude,
And poison all the bliss that Love had stor'd:
Oh! seal my ears against the piteous cry
Of Innocence distrest;
Nor let me shrink, when Fancy's eye
Beholds the guilty wretch's breast
Beneath the tort'ring pincers heave:
Nor for the num'rous wants of Mis'ry grieve,
Which all-disposing Heav'n denies me to relieve!

No longer let my fleeting joys depend
On social or domestic ties!
Superior let my spirit rise,
Nor in the gentle counsels of a friend,
Nor in the smiles of love, expect delight:
But teach me in myself to find
Whate'er can please or fill my mind.
Let inward beauty charm the mental sight;
Let god-like Reason, beaming bright,
Chase far away each gloomy shade,
Till Virtue's heav'nly form display'd
Alone shall captivate my soul,
And her divinest love possess me whole!

But, ah! what means this impious pride,
Which heav'nly hosts deride!
Within myself does virtue dwell?
Is all serene and beauteous there?
What mean these chilling damps of fear?
Tell me, Philosophy! thou boaster, tell!

This god-like all-sufficient mind
Which, in its own perfection blest,
Defies the woes or malice of mankind
To shake its self-possessing rest,
Is it not foul, weak, ignorant, and blind?
Oh man! from conscious Virtue's praise,
Fall'n, fall'n—what refuge canst thou find?
What pitying hand again will raise
From native earth thy grovelling frame?
Ah, who will cleanse thy heart from spot of sinful blame?

But see! what sudden glories from the sky
To my benighted soul appear,
And all the gloomy prospect cheer?
What awful form approaches nigh?
Awful, yet mild as is the southern wind,
That gently bids the forest nod.
Hark! thunder breaks the air, and angels speak!
"Behold the Saviour of the World! Behold the Lamb of God!"
Ye sons of Pride, behold his aspect meek!
The tear of pity on his cheek!
See in his train appear
Humility and Patience sweet;
Repentance, prostrate at his sacred feet,
Bedews with tears, and wipes them with her flowing hair!

What scenes now meet my wond'ring eyes,
What hallow'd grave,
By mourning maids attended round,
Attracts the Saviour's steps? What heart-felt wound
His spotless bosom heaves with tender sighs?
Why weeps the Son belov'd, Omnipotent to save?

But, lo! he waves his awful hand!
The sleeping clay obeys his dread command.
Oh, Lazarus! come forth!—"Come forth and see
"The dear effects of wondrous love!
"He at whose word the seas and rocks remove,
"Thy Friend, thy Lord, thy Maker, weeps for thee!"

Thy walls, Jerusalem, have seen thy King,
In meekness clad, lament thy hapless fate!
Unquench'd his love, though paid with ruthless hate!
O lost, relentless Sion! Didst thou know
Who thus vouchsafes thy courts to tread,
What loud Hosannas wouldst thou sing!
How eager crown his honour'd head!
Nor see unmov'd his kind paternal woe!
Nor force his tears, his precious blood, for thee to flow!

No more repine, my coward soul,
The sorrows of mankind to share,
Which he who could the world control,
Did not disdain to bear!
Check not the flow of sweet fraternal love,
By Heaven's high King in bounty given,
Thy stubborn heart to soften and improve,
Thy earth-clad spirit to refine,
And gradual raise to love divine,
And wing its soaring flight to heaven.

XIII. *Ode on the Passions.*

When Music, heav'nly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting:
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for Madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive pow'r.

First Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amidst the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd; his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair;
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail;
Still would her touch the scene prolong;
And from the rocks, the wood, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at ev'ry close:
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair

And longer had she sung:—but, with a frown
Revenge impatient rose:
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And, with a with'ring look
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of diff'ring themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted Love,—now, raving, call'd on Hate.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,

And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound:
Through glades and glooms the mingled measures stole,
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd Sisters and their chaste-eyed Queen,
Satyrs, and Sylvan Boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd;
But soon he saw the brisk awak'ning viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempé's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;

While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round;
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bow'r,
You learnt an all-commanding pow'r,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd!
Can well recal what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime.
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page.

'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
Even all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.—
O bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece!
Return in all thy simple state,
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

XIV. *The Entry of Bolingbroke and Richard into London.*

Duke and Duchess of York.

Duch. My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that sad stop, my Lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from window-tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the Duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace, kept on his course;
While all tongues cried, God save thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage: and that all the walls
With painted imag'ry had said at once,
Good Heav'n preserve thee! Welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespoke them thus: I thank you, countrymen!
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alas! poor Richard, where rides he the while?

York. As, in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Ev'n so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard: no man cry'd, God save him!

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off
(His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience),
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But Heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.

XV. *Scroop and Richard.*

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my Liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. My ear is open and my heart prepar'd;
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? Why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.
Revolt our subjects? That we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God as well as us.
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I that your Highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, cov'ring your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts more hard than steel.

White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:
The very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double fatal yew against thy state:
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills.
Against thy seat both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have pow'r to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the earl of Wiltshire? Where is he?
And where, alas! are all my bosom friends?
—No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and, with rainy eyes,
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth!
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not so——for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For Heav'n's sake let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings,——
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossess'd;
Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd:—for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court; and there the antick sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;

Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and, with a little pin,
Bores through his castle-walls, and farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn rev'rence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty;
For you have but mistook me all this while;
I live on bread like you, feel want like you;
Taste grief, need friends, like you: subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?

XVIII. *Henry IV. and Prince Henry.*

P. Henry. I never thought to hear you speak again.
K. Henry. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little: for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling by so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop;—my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation.
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

To stab at half an hour of my frail life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crown'd, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten dust,
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms;
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form;
Henry the Fifth is crown'd: up, Vanity!
Down, Royal state! All you sage counsellors, hence,
And to the English court assembled now,
From ev'ry region, apes of idleness.
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy,—he will trouble you no more;
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the Fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withold thy riot,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. Henry. O pardon me, my liege! but for my tears
(The moist impediments unto my speech),
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard,
The course of it so far. There is your crown:

And he that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise
(Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth), this prostrate and exterior bending.
Heav'n witness with me, when I here came in
And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
Oh let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it:—The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore thou, best of gold, art worst of gold:
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine portable;
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up.—Thus, royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it (as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father)
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,—
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,—
Let Heav'n for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Henry. O my son!
Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed,
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
By what bye-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head.
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation:
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.
How I came to the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Henry. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be;
Which I with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world, will rightfully maintain.

XIX. *Wolsey and Cromwell.*

Wol. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man:—To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely

His greatness is a ripening, nips his root;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new-opened. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on prince's favours!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or woman have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.
Why, how now, Cromwell?
Crom. I have no power to speak, Sir,
Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, if you weep,
I'm fall'n indeed.
Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard, say then I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once rode the waves of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
(Though th' image of his Maker) hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's: then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King——
And pr'ythee lead me in——
There take an inventory of all I have;
To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
And my integrity to Heav'n, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell! Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my King, he would not in my age
Have left me naked to my enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! My hopes in heaven do dwell.

XX. *Aletes and Ilyssus, in Creusa, Queen of Athens.*

Ale. My dearest boy:——

Ilys. Speak on, Aletes,
And do not by that look of tenderness,
And murm'ring to thyself, alarm me more.

Ale. What should I speak? This very morn, Ilyssus;
This very morn I told thee a few hours
Would show thee what thou wert; but thy impatience
Brooks not that short delay. It seems Aletes
Has lost his usual credit with Ilyssus;
Ev'n with the youth his anxious care has form'd.
Think'st thou the man who taught thy feeling heart

To start at falsehood, would himself commit
The fraud thou shudder'st at? What have I done,
Which should induce thee to a thought so base?
Did e'er my precepts contradict my heart?
Did I e'er teach a virtue I not practis'd?
—I see thou art confounded. Know then, youth,
I blame not thy impatience; nay, I praise
That modesty which can so soon resume
Its seat, when all things round are big with wonder.
Ere night thou shalt know all; till then, Ilyssus,
Behave as Athens' King.

Ilys. O good Aletes,
Forgive my rashness. Yes, I know thee honest
As truth itself; and know the wondrous debt
I owe thy goodness. Yet, if thou confess
That I have reason for these anxious cares,
Thou wilt permit me still to question thee.
Nay, look upon me whilst I speak to thee.
Perhaps thou hast some secret cause, Aletes,
For all that kind attention thou hast shown me,
From infancy till now. Why dost thou turn
Thy eyes to earth? 'Tis plain thou hast a cause:
Thou know'st from whom I sprung; how canst thou else
With confidence assert, that yet ere night
I shall know all?—Say this at least, Aletes,
Shall the Queen's anger cease?

Ale. It shall, Ilyssus.
Ev'n now I wait her here; on what design,
I must not yet inform thee. The next time
Thou shalt behold her, thou wilt find a change
Incredible indeed, from rage to fondness,
From cold reserve to tears of bursting joy.

[*Ilyssus is going to speak eagerly.*

—Ask me no more.—Yet something didst thou say

Relating to the cause which fix'd me here,
Thy guardian, thy instructor, and—the time
Will come when thou shall know it all, Ilyssus,
And bless my memory.

Ilys. Thou weep'st, Aletes!
My tears will mingle too.

Ale. Forbear, and leave me;——
Yet stay awhile; for now, perhaps, we part
To meet no more.

Ilys. No more! Thou wilt not leave me
When most I want thy care! 'Twas my first thought,
'Twas the first boon I ask'd of the good King,
That thou might'st be my kind instructor still.
He prais'd my gratitude, and I had promis'd
To bring him to my cottage. He himself
Shall be a suitor to thee.

Ale. Thou hast ask'd
Thou know'st not what: it cannot be, Ilyssus,
That Xuthus and Aletes e'er should meet
On terms of amity. The smiles of greatness
To me have lost their value. For thy love
I could do much; and to be sever'd from thee
Pulls at my heart-strings. But resistless fate
Has fix'd the seal, and we must part for ever,
How hard soe'er it seem. Thy youth will soon,
Amidst the busy scenes of active greatness,
Forget its monitor: but I must bear,
In hopeless solitude, the pangs of absence
Till thought shall be no more.

Ilys. O heav'nly powers!
Then there is something dreadful yet conceal'd.
I cannot part from thee in ignorance.
Tell me, Aletes!

Ale. Would I could! but now

It must not be.—Haste to the banquet, youth;
Thy duty calls thee thither.
Ilys. Go I cannot,
Till thou assur'st me we shall meet again.
Ale. If possible we will. If not, remember,
When thou shalt know thyself, that on thyself
Thy fate depends; that virtue, glory, happiness,
Are close connected, and their sad reverse
Is vice, is pain, is infamy.—Alas!
These were the lessons of thy private life!
This I have told thee oft, but my fond tongue
Runs o'er its former precepts, and forgets
Thou now must mount a throne; a larger scene
Of duty opens.
Ilys. Yet the tender friend,
Who should direct me, leaves me to myself.
Canst thou abandon me?
Ale. Would fate permit,
I would attend thee still. But oh, Ilyssus!
Whate'er becomes of me, when thou shalt reach
That envied pinnacle of earthly greatness,
Where faithful monitors but rarely follow,
Ev'n there, amidst the kindest smiles of fortune,
Forget not thou wert once distress'd and friendless.
Be strictly just; but yet, like Heav'n, with mercy
Temper thy justice. From thy purged ear
Banish base flattery, and spurn the wretch
Who would persuade thee thou art more than man;
Weak, erring, selfish man, endued with power,
To be the minister of public good.
If conquest charm thee, and the pride of war
Blaze on thy sight, remember thou art placed
The guardian of mankind, nor build thy fame
On rapines and on murders. Should soft peace

Invite to luxury—the pleasing bane
Of happy kingdoms, know, from thy example,
The bliss or woe of nameless millions springs,
Their virtue, or their vice. Nor think by laws
To curb licentious man: those laws alone
Can bend the headstrong many to their yoke,
Which make it present int'rest to obey them.
O boy!—Thy fate depends
Upon thy absence now. The Queen approaches,
After the banquet I, again, will see thee,
And thou shalt know the whole.

XXI. *Juba and Syphax.*

Juba. Syphax, I joy to meet thee, thus, alone:
I have observ'd of late thy looks are fall'n,
O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent;
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure, thee tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thy eyes thus coldly on thy prince?

Syph. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy on my heart:
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

Jub. Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous terms
Against the lords and sov'reigns of the world?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?

Syph. Gods! where's the worth that sets this people up
Above your own Numidia's tawny sons?

Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the jav'lin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who, like our active African, instructs
The fiery steed and trains them to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
Loaden with war? These, these are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

Jub. These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves;
A Roman soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude, unpolish'd world,
To lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild, and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and lib'ral arts,
Th' embellishments of life: virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

Syph. Patience, just Heav'ns!—Excuse an old man's warmth.
What are these wondrous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue?
In short, to change us into other creatures,
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us?

Jub. To strike thee dumb, turn up thine eyes to Cato.
There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.

While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself:
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat:
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase;
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst;
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn:
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game;
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

Jub. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleasures and the baits of sense;
Where shall we find a man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heav'ns! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his suff'rings!
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him!

Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul:
I think the Romans call it Stoicism.

ad not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fall'n by a slave's hand, inglorious:
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric's sands disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

Jub. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills,
By laying up his counsels in your heart!

Jub. His counsels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms,
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer's sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

Syph. Alas, my prince, I'd guide you to your safety!

Jub. I do believe thou wouldst, but tell me how.

Syph. Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes.

Jub. My father scorn'd to do it.

Syph. And therefore died.

Jub. Better to die ten thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.

Syph. Rather say, your love.

Jub. Syphax, I've promised to preserve my temper:
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

Syph. Believe me, prince, though hard to conquer love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its force:
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
The sun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads

Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the North.

Jub. 'Tis not a set of features, a complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire.
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex:
True she is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul
Shines out in every thing she acts and speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Soften the rigour of her father's virtues.

Syph. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!

XXII. *Parting of Hector and Andromache.*

Hector now pass'd, with sad presaging heart,
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part.
At home he sought her, but he sought in vain;
She, with one maid of all her menial train,
Had thence retir'd; and, with her second joy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,
Pensive she stood on Ilion's tow'ry height,
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight:
There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore,
Or weep the wounds her weeping country bore.

Hector, this heard, return'd without delay:
Swift through the town he took his former way,

Through streets of palaces and walks of state,
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir.
The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest,
His only hope hung smiling at her breast;
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
Silent, the warrior smil'd; and, pleas'd, resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind.
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then, dejected, spoke;
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

The chief began——
"Still foremost let me stand, to guard the throne,
To save my father's honours and my own.—
Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates,
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
Must see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
As thine, Andromache!—Thy griefs I dread!
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led.
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes of which so large a part was thine:
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry—'Behold the mighty Hector's wife!'
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes by naming me.

The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh nor see thee weep."

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung, crying, to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd with the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child;
The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground;
Then kiss'd the child; and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferr'd a parent's pray'r:

"O thou whose glory fills th' ethereal throne!
And all ye deathless pow'rs! protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age.
So when, triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say—This chief transcends his father's fame;
While, pleas'd amidst the gen'ral shouts of joy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."

He spoke: and, fondly gazing on her charms,
Restor'd the pleasing burden to her arms.

Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd:
The troubled pleasure soon chastis'd with fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd
And dry'd the falling drops, and thus pursu'd:—

"Andromache! my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemn me to the silent tomb!
Fix'd is the term of all the race of earth;
And such the hard condition of our birth.
No force can then resist, no flight can save:
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home;
There guide the spindle and direct the loom.
Me glory summons to the martial scene;
The field of combat is the sphere for men:
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger, as the first in fame."

Thus having said, th' undaunted chief resumes
His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes.
His princess parts, with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That stream'd at ev'ry look; then, moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the god-like man,
Through all her train the soft infection ran;
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn'd the living Hector as the dead.

XXIII. *The Fate of Modern Languages compared with that of Painting.*

Be thou the first, true merit to befriend:
His praise is lost who stays till all commend.
Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes:
No longer now that golden age appears,
When Patriarch wits surviv'd a thousand years;
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast.
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light,
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live;
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away.

PART VI.

COMIC HUMOUR.

I. *Jaques on Fools and the Progress of Life.*

A Fool, a fool; I met a fool i'th' forest,
A motley fool; a miserable varlet!
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms;
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, Fool, quoth I. No, Sir, quoth he;
Call me not fool till Heav'n hath sent me fortune;
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, It is ten o'clock.
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven:
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative;

And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! motley's the only wear.
But though the fool may act the wise man's part,
Yet full as oft the wise man plays the fool.
For all the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms,
And then the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress's eye-brow. Then the soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd;
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut;
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in the sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste,—sans every thing.

II. *Clown, Duke, and Jaques.*

Jaq. Here comes a very strange beast, which in all tongues is called a fool.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation: I have trod a measure, I have flatter'd a lady, I have been politic with my friend, smooth with my enemy, I have undone three tailors, I have had four quarrels, and had like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Clo. Why, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How, the seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke Sen. I like him very well.

Clo. I press in here, Sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, Sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke Sen. By my honour, he is very swift and sententious.

Clo. According to the fool's bolt, Sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Clo. Upon a lie seven times removed:—as thus, Sir: I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not well cut, he was in the mind it was: this is called the retort courteous. If I sent him word again it was not cut well, he would send me word he cut it to please himself; this is called the quip

modest. If again it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the reply churlish. If again it was not well cut, he would answer I spoke not true: this is called the reproof valiant. If again it was not well cut, he would say I lie: this is called the countercheck quarrelsome; and so the lie circumstantial, and the lie direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durst go no farther than the lie circumstantial, and he durst not give me the lie direct; and so we met, measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of the lie?

Clo. O, Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply churlish; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie with circumstance; the seventh, the lie direct.—All these you may avoid but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If; as, If you said so, then I said so: O ho! did you so? So they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your If is the only peacemaker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? He's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke Sen. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

III. *The Town and Country Mice.*

Once on a time (so runs the fable),
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord:
A frugal mouse upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend and had a soul;
Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
On just occasion, *coûte qu'il coûte.*
He brought him bacon, nothing lean;
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a dean;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
He eat himself the rind and paring.
Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
But show'd his breeding and his wit;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cry'd,—"I vow you're mighty neat:
"But, my dear friend, this savage scene!
"For Heaven's sake, come and live with men:
"Consider, mice, like men, must die,
"Both small and great, both you and I:
"Then spend your life in joy and sport.
"This doctrine, friend, I learnt at court."
The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, Heav'n knows, to strong temptation.
Away they come through thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn:
'Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their lordships had sat late.

Behold the place! where, if a poet
Shin'd in description, he might show it;
Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors:
But let it, in a word, be said,
The moon was up, and men abed,
The napkins white, and carpet red:
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sat, *tête-a-tête.*
Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law;
"*Que ça est bon! Ah, goûtez ça!*
"That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing;
"Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
Was ever such a happy swain!
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
"I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude
"To eat so much—but all's so good!
"I have a thousand thanks to give——
"My lord alone knows how to live."
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all:
"A rat, a rat! clap-to the door,"
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
Oh for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to save them in a trice!
And when the mice at last had stole,
With trembling hearts, into *a hole,*
An't please your honour, quoth the peasant,
This same dessert is not so pleasant.
Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread and liberty.

IV. *Esop and Beau.*

Esop. Well, Sir, what are you?

Beau. A fool.

Esop. That's impossible—for if you were, you'd think yourself a wise man.

Beau. So I do——This is my opinion—the t'other's my neighbours'. [*Walking airily about.*

Esop. [*gazing after him.*] Have you any business with me, Sir?

Beau. Sir, I have business with nobody; pleasure's my study.

Esop. [*aside.*] An odd fellow this!——Pray, Sir, who are you?

Beau. I can't tell.

Esop. Do you know who I am?

Beau. No:—Sir, I'm a favorite at court; and I neither know myself, nor any body else.

Esop. Are you in any employment?

Beau. Yes———

Esop. What is it?

Beau. I don't know the name on't.

Esop. You know the business on't, I hope?

Beau. That I do——the business of it is——to—put in a deputy, and to receive the money.

Esop. ——Pray, what may be your name?

Beau. Empty.

Esop. Where do you live?

Beau. In the side box.

Esop. What do you do there?

Beau. I ogle the ladies.

Esop. To what purpose?

Beau. To no purpose.

Esop. Why then do you do it?

Beau. Because I like it.

Esop. Wherein consists the pleasure?

Beau. In playing the fool.

Esop. Where were you brought up?

Beau. At school.

Esop. What school?

Beau. The school of the Graces.

Esop. Were you ever at the university?

Beau. Yes.

Esop. What study did you follow there?

Beau. My pleasure.

Esop. How long did you stay?

Beau. Till I had lost my character.

Esop. Why did you come away?

Beau. Because I was expelled.

Esop. Where did you go then?

Beau. To court.

Esop. Who took care of your education there?

Beau. A gamester and a dancing-master.

Esop. What did you gain by them?

Beau. A minuet, and a pack of cards.

Esop. Have you an estate?

Beau. I had.

Esop. What's become of it.

Beau. Spent.

Esop. In what?

Beau. In a twelvemonth.

Esop. But how?

Beau. Why in dressing, dice, and scriveners. What do you think of me now, old gentleman.

Esop. Pray, what do you think of yourself?

Beau. I don't think at all; I know how to bestow my time better.

Esop. Are you married?

Beau. No——Have you e'er a daughter to bestow upon me?

Esop. Have you a mind then to a wife, Sir?

Beau. Yaw, min Heer.

Esop. What would you do with her?

Beau. Why, I'd take care of her affairs, rid her of all her troubles, and her portion.

Esop. And pray what sort of a wife would you be willing to throw yourself away upon?

Beau. Why, upon one that has youth, beauty, quality, virtue, wit, and money.

Esop. And how may you be qualified yourself, to back you in your pretensions to such a one?

Beau. Why, I am qualified with a fine head of hair—a feather—a smooth face—a fool's head—and a club stick.

Esop. But one question more: What settlement can you make?

Beau. Settlement!——Why, if she be a very great heiress indeed, I believe I may settle——myself upon her for life.

Esop. 'Tis enough; you may expect I'll serve you, if it lies in my way. But I would not have you rely too much upon your success, because people sometimes are mistaken.

Beau. 'Tis very well;—'tis very well, old spark: I say 'tis very well. Because I ha'n't a pair of plod shoes, and a dirty shirt, you think a woman won't venture upon me for a husband—Why now, to shew you, old father, how little you philosophers know of the ladies—I'll tell you an adventure of a friend of mine.

A Band, a Bob Wig, and a Feather,
Attack'd a Lady's heart together:

The Band, in a most learned plea,
Made up of deep philosophy,
Told her, if she would please to espouse
A reverend beard, and take, instead
Of vig'rous youth,
Old solemn Truth,
With books and morals, to her house,
How happy she would be!
The Bob, he talked of management,
What wondrous blessings heaven sent
On care, and pains, and industry;
And truly he must be so free,
To own he thought your airy beaux,
With powder'd heads, and dancing-shoes,
Were good for nothing (mend his soul!)
But prate and talk, and play the fool.
He said, 'twas Wealth gave joy and mirth,
And that to be the dearest wife
Of one who labour'd all his life
To make a mine of gold his own,
And not spend sixpence when he had done,
Was heaven upon earth.
When these two blades had done, d'ye see,
The Feather (as it might be me)
Steps out, Sir, from behind the screen,
With such an air, and such a mien,
Look you, old Gentleman, in short,
He quickly spoil'd the Tradesman's sport.
It prov'd such prosp'rous weather,
That you must know, at the
The Lady leap'd about his neck,
And off they went together.

(*To Esop.*) There's a tale for you, old dad.

Esop. Well, Sir, and in return for your tale, I must tell you what happened to a young spark of my acquaintance, exactly such a fop as you are.

An Ape there was, of nimble parts,
A great intruder into hearts,
As brisk, and gay, and full of air.
As you, or I, or any here;
Rich in his dress, of splendid show,
And with a head like any beau:
Eternal mirth was in his face;
Where'er he went,
He was content,
So fortune had but kindly sent
Some Ladies——and a looking glass.
Encouragement they always gave him,
Encouragement to play the fool!
For soon they found it was a tool
Wou'd hardly be so much in love,
But that the mumbling of a glove,
Or tearing of a fan, would save him.
These bounties he accepts as proof
Of feats done by his wit and youth;
He gives their freedom gone for ever,
Concludes each female heart undone,
Except that very happy one
Whom he was pleas'd to favour.
In short, so smooth his matters went,
He guess'd where'er his thoughts were bent,
The Lady he must carry:
So put on a fine new cravat;
He comb'd his hair, he cock'd his hat,
And gave it out, he'd marry.

But here, alas! he found to's cost,
He had reckon'd long without his host;
For, wheresoe'er he made th' attack,
Poor Pug with shame was beaten back.
The first fair she he had in chase
Was a young cat, a cunning blowser,
Her mother was a noted mouser;
So, had the daughter proved his wife,
He might have fed on rats for life:
But when he came
To urge his flame,
She scratch'd him o'er the face.
With that he went among the hounds,
Such as had beauty, wit, and pounds,
And swore Miss Maulken, to her cost,
Should quickly see what she had lost;
But the poor unlucky swain
Miss'd his shepherdess again;
His fate was to miscarry;
It was his destiny to find,
That Cats and Dogs are of a mind,
When Monkeys come to marry.

V. *Menenius Agrippa's Fable of the Belly and Members.*

A Company of mutinous Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Before we proceed any farther, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak!

1 *Cit.* You are all resolv'd rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd!

1 *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is the chief enemy to the people.

All. We know it, we know it!

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't, let't be done—away! away!

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good: what authority surfeits on, would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieve us humanely; but they think we are too dear; the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes; for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't; but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end; though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country: he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: you must in no way say he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations: he hath faults with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are those? The other side

o'th' city is risen. Why stay we prating here? To the capitol————

All. Come! come!

1 *Cit.* Soft——who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough; would all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter?——Speak, I pray you.

1 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show them in deeds: they say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters! my good friends! my honest neighbours!
Will you undo yourselves?

1 *Cit.* We cannot, Sir; we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you; for your wants,
Your suff'rings in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman state, whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong links asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them (not arms) must help. Alack!
You are transported by calamity
Thither, where more attends you; and you slander

The helms o'th' state, who care for you, like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

1 *Cit.* Care for us!——True, indeed! they ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses cramm'd with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale (it may be you have heard it);
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale't a little more.

1 *Cit.* Well,
I'll hear it, Sir,——yet you must not think
To fob off our disgraces with a tale:
But, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only, like a gulf, it did remain
I'th' midst o'th' body, idle and inactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where th' other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate; did minister
Unto the appetite, and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered———

1 *Cit.* Well, Sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you:—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus——
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd

To th' discontented members, th' mutinous parts,
That envied his receipt; even so, most fitly,
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you————

1 *Cit.* Your belly's answer—what!
The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter;
With other muniments, and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they————

Men. What then!—'Fore me, this fellow speaks,——
What then? What then?

1 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o'th' body——

Men. Well, what then?

1 *Cit.* The former agents if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;
If you'll bestow a small (of what you've little)
Patience awhile, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 *Cit.* Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash, like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
True it is, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I received the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is,
Because I am the storehouse, and the shop
Of the whole body. But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart; to th' seat o'th' brain;
And through the cranks and offices of man.
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency

Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly) mark me——
1 *Cit.* Aye, Sir; well! well!
Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran.—What say you to't?
1 *Cit.* It was an answer. How apply you this?
Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members; for, examine
Their counsels and their cares; digest things rightly
Touching the weal o'th' common, you shall find
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves. What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly!
1 *Cit.* I the great toe! Why the great toe?
Men. For that, being one o'th' lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou goest foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some 'vantage——
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle:
The one side must have bale.

VI. *A Description of Queen Mab.*

O then I see Queen Mab has been with you:
She is the Fancy's midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman:
Drawn with a team of little atomies

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round, little worm,
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops, night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling the parson as he lies asleep;
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck;
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep: and then anon
Drums in his ears, at which he starts—and wakes—
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again.

VII. *The Cameleon.*

Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes, that hardly serv'd at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post:
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen.
Returning from his finish'd tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop;
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
"I've seen—and sure I ought to know"—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they past,
And on their way in friendly chat
Now talk'd of this, and then of that,
Discours'd a while, 'mongst other matter,
Of the Cameleon's form and nature.
"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never liv'd beneath the sun:
"A lizard's body, lean and long,
"A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
"It's tooth with triple claw disjoin'd;
"And what a length of tail behind!
"How slow its pace! and then its hue—
"Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

"Hold there," the other quick replies,
"'Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,

"As late with open mouth it lay,
"And warm'd it in the sunny ray;
"Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,
"And saw it eat the air for food."
"I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
"And must again affirm it blue;
"At leisure I the beast survey'd,
"Extended in the cooling shade."
"'Tis green, tis green, Sir, I assure ye."—
"Green!" cries the other in a fury—
"Why, Sir—d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
"'Twere no great loss," the friend replies;
"For if they always serve you thus,
"You'll find 'em but of little use."
So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows;
When luckily came by a third;
To him the question they referr'd,
And begg'd he'd tell 'em, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother—
"The creature's neither one nor t'other.
"I caught the animal last night,
"And view'd him o'er by candle-light:
"I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet.
"You stare—but, Sirs, I've got it yet,
"And can produce it."—"Pray, Sir, do:
"I'll lay my life the thing is blue."—
"And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
"The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
"Well then, at once to ease the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out:
"And when before your eyes I've set him,
"If you don't find him black I'll eat him."

He said; then full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo!—'twas white.
Both star'd, the man look'd wondrous wise—
"My children," the Camelion cries,
(Then first the creature found a tongue,)
"You all are right, and all are wrong:
"When next you talk of what you view,
"Think others see as well as you:
"Nor wonder, if you find that none
"Prefers your eye-sight to his own."

VIII. *The Monkey who had seen the World.*

A monkey, to reform the times,
Resolv'd to visit foreign climes;
For men in distant ages roam
To bring politer manners home.
So forth he fares, all toil defies:
Misfortunes serve to make us wise.

At length the treach'rous snare was laid;
Poor Pug was caught, to town convey'd,
There sold. How envy'd was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room!
Proud as a lover of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day
The toilet calls, with mimic play
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other gentleman.
In visits too his parts and wit,
When jests grew dull, were sure to hit.

Proud with applause, he thought his mind
In ev'ry courtly art refin'd;
Like Orpheus, burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the monkey weal:
So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
And sought his native woods again.

The hairy sylvans round him press,
Astonished at his strut and dress.
Some praise his sleeve; and others glote
Upon his rich embroider'd coat;
His dapper periwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary frost, or fleecy snow;
But all with envy and desire,
His flutt'ring shoulder-knot admire.

"Hear and improve," he pertly cries;
"I come to make a nation wise.
"Weigh your own worth; support your place,
"The next in rank to human race.
"In cities long I pass'd my days,
"Convers'd with men, and learnt their ways.
"Their dress, their courtly manners, see;
"Reform your state, and copy me.
"Seek ye to thrive, in flatt'ry deal;
"Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal:
"*Seem* only to regard your friends,
"But use them for your private ends.
"Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
"Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit.
"Bend all your force to spatter merit;
"Scandal is conversation's spirit.

"Boldly to ev'ry thing pretend,
"And men your talents shall commend.
"I knew the great. Observe me right:
"So shall you grow like man polite."

He spoke and bow'd. With mutt'ring jaws
The wond'ring circle grinn'd applause.
Now, warm with malice, envy, spite,
Their most obliging friends they bite;
And, fond to copy human ways,
Practise new mischiefs all their days.

Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,
With travel finishes the fool;
Studious of every coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dresses, rakes, and swears:
O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts,
For vice is fitted to his parts.

IX. *Ancient and Modern Music compared.*

When father Orpheus wanted sport, he,
By touching his *piano forte*,
Drew out his beasts by millions:
Hinds, with high heads, each other butted;
Pigs, *en pas grave*, like ******* strutted:
Cows capered in cotillions.

Amphion too (though by the bye
This sounds extremely like a lie)

Could animate earth, air, and water;
Melt the hard hearts of brick and mortar;
Make stocks and stones so very supple,
They'd lead up ten or twenty couple;
And grow, directed by their ears,
A house for pigs, or house for peers.

From hence the lovers of antiquity
Do most maliciously assert,
That Music, like a child that's rickety,
Is now degraded to the dirt:
And, having lost the pow'r to soar,
Is forc'd to creep upon all four:
Since not Giardini's self is able
To animate a chair or table:
Nor give it the most distant notion
Of plain and simple locomotion.

But now the ancients have been heard,
We moderns sure may speak a word.—
That the old music, and the new,
Are very different, is true;
You might as properly compare
The war-hoop of a Cherokee
To such a hoop as ladies wear.

Your Messieurs Orpheus and Amphion,
With their confounded break-tooth words,
Might try their skill on beasts and birds,
Without a single bed to lie on.
For what might please the Greeks and Latins,
To our politer ears, would sound
Just like an Abigail in pattens,
Parading o'er a stony ground.

Then for your instruments—you'll own
They're far inferior to our own;
Unless they only choose to leave us
Those meanest instruments of chiming,
Tongs, pokers, marrow-bones and cleavers,
And other followers of Hymen,
Basely condemning to the fire
The noble pipe and nobler lyre.

Thus pedants, when we come to college,
With care suppress all useful knowledge;
Whip us whenever we presume
To think what ne'er was thought at Rome;
And punish, with the same severity,
Both our posteriors and posterity.

But to conclude—Where'er you range,
Or to St. James's or the Change,
To Portman-square or Leadenhall,
We're Dilettantes one and all.

By Music's charms, like those of Circe,
You'll see all moving *vice versa;*
All, from the porter to the peer,
Or have, or think they have, an ear.
Cits grow refin'd and spend their money,
And starve on soups and *macaroni.*
The roughest, rudest Country Squire,
Deserts his pipe and parlour fire;
His tenants want the *savoir vivre;*
The parson puts him in a fever;
To harmony a convert grown,
He swears he only breathes in town.

Now for new miracles prepare:
Behold that punch-bowl in the air,

That shame to ancient Greece and Rome.
'Twas Music rais'd the pensile dome.
'Twas she that form'd our proud *Casinos*,
Our rooms for Concerts and *Festinos*;
Our villas in St. George's Fields,
White-Conduit House and Bagnigge Wells:
As she directs, the artists rear
The Crescent, Oblong, or the Square;
The Octagon, with sides so small,
And Circus, with no sides at all,
With every angle charm our eyes,
That e'er the most consumnate skill
Of great Vauban, or greater Gill,
Has form'd for ramparts, or minc'd pies.

My hand is tir'd, my Muse is mute,
So, Ladies who have heard our suit,
Please to determine the dispute.

X. *The grand Question debated—Whether Hamilton's Bawn should be turned into a Barrack or a Malt-house?*

Thus spoke to my lady the knight full of care—
Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
This Hamilton's Bawn whilst it sticks on my hand,
I lose by the house what I get by the land;
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
For a barrack or malt-house, we now must consider.
First, let me suppose I make it a malt-house;
There I have computed the profit will fall t'us:
Here's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain:

A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a day, and three hogsheads a year:
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stor'd;
No little scrub joint shall come on my board:
And you and the dean no more shall combine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;
Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A stone and a quarter of beef from my sirloin.
If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant;
My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't:
In poundage and drawbacks I lost half my rent,
Whatever they give me I must be content,
Or join with the court in every debate;
And, rather than that, I would lose my estate.

Thus ended the knight:—Thus began his meek wife:
It must and it shall be a barrack, my life!
I'm grown a mere mopus; no company comes,
But a rabble of tenants and rusty-dull rums.
With parsons, what lady can keep herself clean?
I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the dean.
But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,
The captain, I'm sure, will always come here.
I then shall not value his deanship a straw,
The captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
Or, should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert:
That men of his coat should be minding their pray'rs,
And not among ladies to give themselves airs.

Thus argu'd my lady, but argu'd in vain:
The knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain.
But Hannah, who listen'd to all that was pass'd,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
As soon as her ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
Cry'd, Madam, why surely my master's possess'd.

Sir Arthur the Maltster! how fine it will sound!
I'd rather the Bawn were sunk under ground.
Dear Madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,
An I were to be hang'd I can't sleep a wink;
For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
I can't get it out though I'm never so fain.
I fancy already a barrack contriv'd
At Hamilton's Bawn and the troop is arriv'd;
Of this, to be sure, Sir Arthur has warning,
And waits on the captain betimes the next morning.
Now see, when they meet, how their honours behave;
Noble captain, your servant—Sir Arthur, your slave;
You honour me much—The honour is mine—
'Twas a sad rainy night—But the morning is fine—
Pray how does my lady?—My wife's at your service—
I think I have seen her picture by Jervas—
Good morrow, good captain—I'll wait on you down—
You shan't stir a foot—You'll think me a clown—
For all the world, captain, not half an inch farther—
You must be obey'd: your servant, Sir Arthur;
My humble respects to my lady unknown——
I hope you will use my house as your own.
"Go, bring me my gown, and leave off your prate,
"Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."
Pray, madam, be quiet; what was it I said?
You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
Next day, to be sure, the captain will come
At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum.
Now, madam, observe how he marches in state:
The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate:
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow:
Tantara, tantara; while all the boys hollow.
See, now comes the captain, all daub'd with gold lace,
O la! the sweet gentleman! look in his face;

And see how he rides, like a lord of the land,
With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand!
And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears,
With ribbands, in knots, at his tail and his ears.
At last comes the troop, by the word of command,
Drawn up in our court; when the captain cries—Stand:
Your ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen,
(For sure I had dizen'd you out like a queen:)
The captain, to shew he is proud of the favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver;
(His beaver is cock'd, pray, madam, mark that;
For a captain of horse never takes off his hat,
Because he has never a hand that is idle,
For the right holds his sword, and the left holds the bridle;)
Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady so fair;
(How I tremble to think of the blood it hath spilt!)
Then he lowers down the point, and kisses the hilt.
Your ladyship smiles, and thus you begin:
Pray, captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk in.
The captain salutes you with congee profound,
And your ladyship curtsies half-way to the ground.

Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us;
I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us;
And, captain, you'll do us the favour to stay,
And take a short dinner here with us to-day:
You're heartily welcome; but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worst time of the year:
If I had expected so worthy a guest——
Dear madam! your ladyship sure is in jest;
You banter me, madam. The kingdom must grant,—
You officers, captain, are so complaisant.

"Hist, hussy, I think I hear somebody coming,"——
No, madam, 'tis only sir Arthur a-humming.

To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story),
The captain at dinner appears in his glory:
The dean and the doctor have humbled their pride,
For the captain's entreated to sit by your side;
And because he's their betters, you carve for him first;
The parsons, for envy, are ready to burst:
The servants, amazed, are scarce ever able
To keep off their eyes as they wait at the table:
And Molly and I have thrust in our nose
To peep at the captain, in all his fine clothes:
Dear madam, be sure he's a fine spoken man;
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran:
"And madam, (says he) if such dinners you give,
"You'll never want parsons as long as you live;
"I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose,
"But the devil's as welcome wherever he goes:
"The hypocrites bid us reform and repent,
"But yet, by their looks, they never keep Lent:
"A scholard, when just from his college broke loose,
"Can hardly tell how to cry bo! to a goose:
"Your Novids, and Blutarks, and Omurs, and stuff,
"By Jove, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
"To give a young gentleman right education,
"The army's the only good school in the nation:
"My schoolmaster call'd me a dunce and a fool,
"But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school;
"I never could take to my book for the blood o'me.
"And the puppy confess'd he expected no good o'me.
"Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say
"But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day."

Never since I was born did I hear so much wit;
And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should split.

Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till she heard the dean call, "Will your ladyship walk?"
Her ladyship answers, I'm just coming down;
Then turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
(Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,)
Cry'd, Hussy, why sure the wench is gone mad:
How could these chimeras get into your brains?——
Come hither,—and take this old gown for your pains.
But the dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers.
For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye:
Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy!

CONCLUSION.

At the end of a work calculated for the improvement of Youth in speaking, the author cannot lose the opportunity of recommending, to parents and teachers, the study of the several inflexions of the human voice. These inflexions, joined with the distinction of force which divides every sentence into so many portions as there are accents, form a precise and definite notation of speaking sounds. By this notation a teacher is not only capable of conveying exact ideas of tone, inflection, and force, to his pupil, but is enabled to give instruction at a distance, nearly in the same manner as a musician would point out the notes of a song. The advantages of such a notation of speaking sounds are too obvious to be insisted on, and are exemplified at large in Elements of Elocution, and the Rhetorical Grammar: what is intended by the present address is, to inculcate the necessity of teaching these inflections of voice to children as soon as they can read. At this age the ear is quick, the organs flexible, and the power of imitation strong: and the nicest distinctions of sound will then be imbibed without trouble; but in advanced life, though the ear and understanding may be sufficiently convinced of the justness and reality of the principles, the organs will often find the utmost difficulty in pronouncing with any conformity to them. In short, the advantages arising from an early acquaintance with the powers of the voice are so great, that in hopes of rousing the public attention to so important a point, the author has abruptly introduced a specimen of his notation of speaking sounds, in the beautiful expostulation of Portia on Mercy, in the Merchant of Venice; and those who have either philosophy or curiosity enough to see the whole system explained and exemplified, may consult *Elements of Elocution* and *The Rhetorical Grammar.*

PORTIA'S SPEECH ON MERCY.

(*Persuasive entreaty; soft, middle tone.*)

The quàlity | of mércy | ìs not | stráin'd; |
It dróppeth | as the géntle | ràin | from héav'n |
Upon the pláce | benèath. | It is twìce bless'd; |
It blèsseth | hìm | that gíves, | and hím | that tàkes. |
'Tis míghtiest, | ìn the mightiest; | it becómes |
The thròned | mónarch | bétter | than his cròwn:

(*Solemn, monotone; lower.*)

His scēptre | shōws | the fòrce | of témporal power, |
The ättribute | to āwe | and mājesty, |
Whērein | doth sit | the drèad | and féar of kings: |

(*Rapture; high strong tone.*)

But mércy | is abòve | this scépter'd sway. |
It is enthróned | in the hèarts of kings; |
It is an áttribute | of Gód | himsèlf; |
And éarthly power | doth thèn | show líkest God's, |
Whèn | mércy | séasons | jùstice. |

EXPLAN ATION OF THE MARKS.

The Monotone; a continuation or sameness of sound, like that produced by repeatedly striking a bell; it may be louder or softer, but continues exactly in the same pitch.

To express this tone a horizontal line is adopted, such as is generally used to express a long syllable in verse, thus (-).

" High on a throne of royal state, which far
" Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Inde,
" Or whēre the gōrgeous Eäst with richest hānd
" Shōw'rs on her kings barbāric pèarl and góld,
" Satan exalted sat "———

MILTON'S Par. Lost, Book ii. v. 1.

The rising inflexion is that upward turn of the voice we generally use at the comma, or in asking a question which begins with a verb: (Did he say, Nó?) For expressing this, the acute is adapted, thus (´).

The falling inflexion is generally used at the colon and semicolon, and must necessarily be heard in answer to the former question. (He did; he said, Nò.) To express this, the grave accent is adopted, thus (`).

The rising circumflex begins with the falling slide, and ends with the rising upon the same syllable. This inflexion may be exemplified by the drawling tone we give to some words spoken ironically, as the word *Clodius*, in Cicero's Oration for Milo. This turn of the voice is marked in this manner (v).

"But it is foolish in us to compare Drusus Africanus and "ourselves with Clo̍dius; all our other calamities were "tolerable: but no one can patiently bear the death of "Clo̍dius."

The falling circumflex begins with the rising and ends with the falling slide. This inflexion may be exemplified by the pronunciation of the word *sword*, in Cato's reply to Decius. This turn of voice is marked thus (A).

"'Tis Cæsar's swôrd has made Rome's senate little,
"And thinn'd its ranks." ADDISON.

The relative forces of words are shown by associating such words as have no accent with those which have, and considering the assemblage as one word. Thus in the sentence,

"I dò not | ásk | I demànd your attention,"

we may consider each accentual portion as one word; the first to be pronounced as a word of three syllables, the second as a monosyllable, and the third as a word of seven syllables, with the accent on the third syllable.

These five modifications of the voice may be called absolute, as they are the only possible ways of varying it so as to make one mode essentially different from the other. High and low, loud and soft, quick and slow, which may accompany them, may be called comparative modifications; as what is high in one case may be low in another, and so of the rest.

INDEX.

A.

Page

Adversity, a Hymn to it..... 213
Æschines against Demosthenes, on the Crown..... 113
Æsop and a Beau, a Dialogue between them..... 266
Aletes and Ilyssus, in Creusa, Queen of Athens 247
Alexander on passing the Granicus..... 135
Ancient and Modern Music compared..... 282
Antony's Funeral Oration over Cæsar's Body. 220
——— Soliloquy over Cæsar's Body 135

B.

Bard, an Ode, by Mr. Gray 226
Barnard (Mr.), his Speech on continuing the Army.... 7
——— (Sir J.), his Speech on the Prizes taken in War, 22
——————————— on raising the Wages of Seamen..... 51, 57
Beauty, its different Degrees in different Objects.... 195
Belial's Speech, dissuading from War..... 92
Belly and Members, a Fable, by Menenius Agrippa.. 271
Bolingbroke and Richard's Entry into London 239
Brutus on the Death of Cæsar 65
——— and Cassius accusing each other..... 166
——— and Cassius, in Julius Cæsar..... 145
——— Soliloquy on killing Cæsar..... 171
Buckingham's Speech as he is going to execution 208

C.

Cameleon, the..... 278
Carlisle (Bishop of), in Defence of King Richard II.. 69
Cassius and Brutus, in Julius Cæsar 145
Cato, Prologue to that Tragedy 96
Cato's Senate, in the Tragedy of Cato 97
—— Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul..... 176
—— Speech on the Death of his Son..... 212

Page
Cæcilia's (St.) Day, an Ode on it, by Pope..... 200
Chorus to the First Act of Henry V..... 79
———— Second Act of Henry V..... 80
———— Third Act of Henry V..... 83
Cicero's Oration against Verres 128
Clifford (Lord), his Speech to Henry VI..... 70
Clown, in As You Like It, on the Rules of Quarrelling, 262
Comic Humour, Pieces in that Style of Speaking.... 260
Cromwell and Wolsey 245

D.

Decius, his Embassy to Cato 100
Declamation, Pieces in that Style of Speaking..... 65
Demosthenes against Æschines on the Crown..... 116
———— to the Athenians against Philip..... 109
Digby (Lord), on the Trial of Lord Strafford..... 183
Douglas to Lord Randolph..... 66
———- his Account of the Hermit 194
Drowning Fly..... 199

E.

Eton College, an Ode on the distant Prospect of it .. 214
Esop and Beau..... 266

F.

Fable of the Belly and Members..... 271
——- of the Town and Country Mice 264
Faulconbridge and King John..... 144
Fool, a Description of one, by Jaques 260
Fox (Mr. Henry), on the Prizes taken in War..... 23
———— on raising the Wages of Seamen .. 50

G.

Gesture, the Elements of it, explained by Plates, vii, ix, x, xi
Gibbon (Mr.) on a Vote of Thanks to the King..... 39
Gloucester and Hastings, in Jane Shore..... 148
Gloucester's Speech to the Nobles of England 89
Greatness and Sublimity of the Imagination..... 71
Grief and Tenderness, Pieces in that Style 205

H.

Page
Hamilton's Bawn..... 285
Hamlet's Soliloquy on his own Conduct..... 172
———————— upon Life and Death 173
———————— upon Delay in his Revenge..... 174
———————— upon his Father's Death..... 207
Hannibal's Speech to his Soldiers..... 122
Hastings and Gloucester, in Jane Shore..... 148
Hay (Mr.), his Speech on the Prizes taken in War .. 28
Hector and Andromache, their Parting..... 255
Henry IV., Northumberland, and Hotspur..... 153
———————— and the Prince of Wales 157
———————— and Prince Henry..... 242
———————— his Soliloquy on Sleep 209
Henry V. his Condemnation of Treason..... 81
———————— his Soliloquy on the Miseries of Royalty .. 86
———————— and Lord Chief Justice 105
———————— to his Soldiers, at Agincourt..... 139
———————— to his Soldiers, at Harfleur..... 138
Herbert (Mr.), on a Vote of Thanks to the King.... 34
Hervey (Lord), his Speech on the Army 2
Hotspur, his Description of a Fop..... 153

I.

Jaques on Fools and the Progress of Life 260
Ilyssus and Aletes, in Creusa, Queen of Athens 247
Juba and Syphax, in the Tragedy of Cato..... 251
Judgment of Hercules..... 177

K.

King, in Hamlet, his Soliloquy on his Crimes 210

L.

Life, the Progress of it described by Jaques..... 260
Lucius, his Speech in Cato's Senate 98

M.

Mansfield's (Lord) Speech in Favour of Wilkes..... 188
———————————— on Privilege 191
Marullus's Speech to the Mob, in Julius Cæsar..... 134
Marcus and Portius, in Cato 142
Members and Belly, a Fable 271
Mercutio's Description of Queen Mab..... 276

Page
Mice (the Town and Country), a Fable 264
Miseries of Royalty 86
Milton's Lamentation for his Loss of Sight 197
Moloch's Speech, persuading to War..... 140
Monkey that had seen the World 280
Morning Hymn of Adam and Eve..... 90
Morpeth (Lord), his Speech on continuing the Army, 2

N.

Nicholaus's Speech in Favour of Nicias..... 107
Noel (Mr.), his Speech on continuing the Army..... 8
Novelty; the Pleasures arising from it..... 73

O.

Ode on St. Cæcilia's Day..... 200
Ode on Stoical and Christian Philosophy 231
Ode to Truth 204
Orestes delivering his Embassy to Pyrrhus 102
Othello's Apology to the Senate..... 67

P.

Painting and Modern Languages compared 259
Parliamentary Debates on the Army 1
——————— on the Prizes taken in War .. 17
——————— on the King's Speech..... 34
——————— on raising the Seamen's Wages, 49
Parting of Hector and Andromache 255
Passions; an Ode on them by Collins 235
Pelham (Mr.), his Speech on continuing the Army .. 6
Phillips (Mr.), his Speech on a Vote of Thanks to the King 46
Pitt (Mr.), his Speech on raising the Wages of Seamen..... 54, 59
Plomer (Mr.), his Speech on continuing the Army... 8
Portius and Marcus, in Cato 142
Procrastination, the Folly of it 38
Pulteney (Mr.), his Speech on the Army 13
——————— on the Prizes taken in War, 17
——————— on the King's Speech 42
Pym (Mr.), his Speech at the opening of the Charge of High Treason against Lord Strafford 181

Q.

Page

Quarrelling; Rules laid down for it by the Jester.... 262
Queen Mab; Mercutio's Description of her 276

R.

Reflexion and Argument, Pieces in that Style 171
Richard II.'s Entry into London..... 239
——— and Lord Scroop 240
Richmond encouraging his Soldiers..... 133
Rumour, Speech in the Character of 83

S.

Samson deploring his Blindness and Captivity 223
Satan's Address to the Sun..... 217
Scale of Animal Existence..... 75
Scroop and Richard II..... 240
Sempronius, his Speech in Cato's Senate 97
Shippen (Mr.), on continuing the Army 9
——— on a Vote of Thanks to the King.... 36
Sleep, a Soliloquy on it, by Henry IV..... 209
Social Duties arising from Nature..... 76
Somerset (Lord Noel), his Speech on a Vote of Thanks to the King 35
Speaker of the House of Commons, his Speech on the Order of the Day 24, 26, 32
Strafford (Lord), his Speech before his Sentence 186
Strickland (Sir William), his Speech on the Army.. 1
Syphax and Juba, in the Tragedy of Cato..... 251
Syracusan's Speech against putting the Athenian Generals to Death..... 107

T.

Taste, its Universality and Diversity..... 77
Titus Quintius's Speech to the Roman People 125
Town and Country Mice, a Fable 264
Trevor (Mr.), Speech on a Vote of Thanks to the King, 35
Truth, (an Ode to it) 204

V.

Vanoc and Valens, in the Tragedy of the Briton.... 161
Vehement Passion, Pieces in that Style of Speaking.. 133
Virtue both our Duty and our Interest 85

W.

Page
Wager (Sir Charles), on raising the Wages of Seamen, 49
Walpole (Mr. Horace), on the Army 7
——————— on raising the Wages of Seamen, 58
——— (Sir Robert), on the Army 11
——————————— Prizes taken in War, 20, 30
——————————— King's Speech..... 41, 44
——————————— raising the Wages of Seamen. 51, 56
Winnington (Mr.), on the Prizes taken in War, 26, 27, 28
——————————— on raising the Wages of Seamen, 61, 62
Wolsey and Cromwell 245
Wright (Mr.), on the Prizes taken in War 31
Wyndham (Sir William), on the Army 4
——————————— Prizes taken in War, 19

Y.

Yonge (Sir William), his Speech on continuing the Army 3
——————————— the Prizes taken in War. 18
Youth and the Philosopher..... 94

Z.

Zanga's Joy and Remorse on the Success of his Plot.. 136
—— encouraging Alonzo to kill his Wife 137

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